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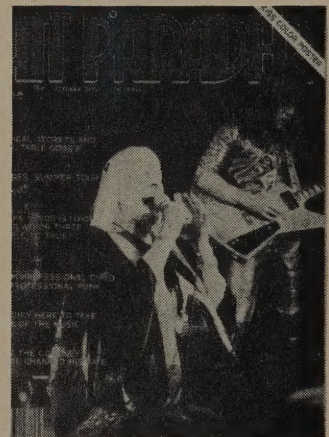
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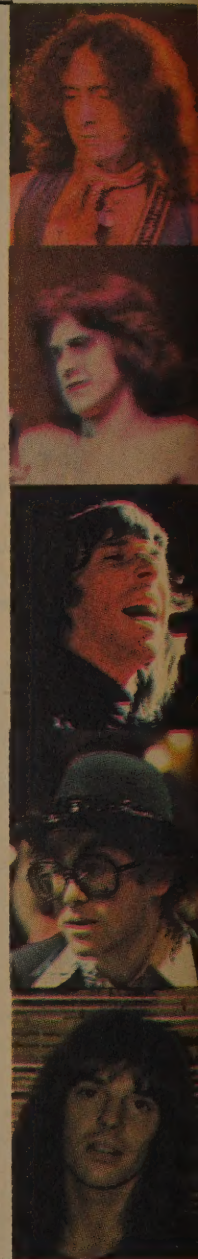
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Dear Hit Parader,

This is for all the people wondering what the four symbols on Led Zeppelin IV mean, well, here they are:

Bonzo's is the three ring sign. John Paul Jones is the three leaved plant within a circle. They are two middle signs known as runes. Runes developed as linguistic symbols in early German civilizations. Through centuries some runes gained mystical associations as well and were incorporated into luck charms or hex symbols.

Jimmy chose his own symbol the ZoSo. It was an elaboration of the ancient alchemical symbol for the element electrum. Electrum was represented by the symbol for the greatest Greek god Zeus. Metas in ancient times were associated by their properties with planets and gods who shared them. Jimmy's choice seemed appropriate for his chosen lifestyle. He had moved into the house of Aleister Crowley, the 19th century black magician.

Robert's symbol, the feather within a circle, was self-designed and many people claim that it represents a tribute to his half Indian wife. His symbol as Edgar Golubienko said means honesty. It might to some people but the true meaning is for his wife.

The four symbols pointed to the areas of interest outside of music in which Led Zeppelin were involved. The music would amplify and expand ideas but the cover was the place where Led Zeppelin told the world about their year-long trips into the world of mysticism and mythology. Also Led Zeppelin is into Celtic history. In a book about Led Zeppelin, Robert Plant states that Stairway to Heaven is based in an atmosphere of Celtic mysticism he also said it was present from the second album on. It was used in such songs as "Thankyou", "Going to California", "Battle of Evermore", etc.

There is so much more that I could say about their songs, symbols and

the meaning of their album covers but as Mike Davis said in his letter, I'll let the Led Zeppelin fans find out for themselves.

Donna Vader
San Diego, California



Dear Hit Parader,

Would you answer some questions for some friends and me? We have heard a lot of rumors about Led Zeppelin. I hope you can tell us if they are true or not.

Is it true that Led Zeppelin "Ripped off" the song "Stairway To Heaven" from a group called "Spirit" who recorded it a few years ago?

Is it true that their first album was made up of songs that they had "ripped off" from other groups?

Is it true that Robert Plant's voice is speeded up while he is recording a song, to make it sound higher?

And my last question: Did Jimmy Page really break his finger or is he just telling everybody that he did?

I hope that you can answer these questions 'cause everybody is upset about this. Thanks a lot. You could print this for everybody who is wondering whether or not they should dump Led Zeppelin. In case you're wondering Led Zeppelin is my favorite group and Jimmy Page has got to be the cutest and the best guitarist around. Thanks again,

Maria Kivett and Friends
Greensboro, N.C.

Dear Ms. Robinson,

In regards to all the letters written to Hit Parader concerning the relationship between J.R.R. Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings* and Robert Plant's lyrics: With the excep-

tion of Battle of Evermore - most of the similarities pointed out by the various people who wrote to H.P. are a bit off. I have read a lot of books on Old English and Welsh mythology and the occult and I've found that Tolkien apparently got many of the names in his Trilogy from these sources. Robert and Jimmy are also said to be interested in these things so it is easy to see that Tolkien and Robert merely used things from the same source.

In the new issue of Hit Parader, there is mention of the old man on top of the mountain (4th album) represents the ninth card of the Tarot, called the Hermit. When pro-Tolkien friends of mine read this, they said you were wrong and the picture was of Gandolf, the wizard, a character in *Lord of the Rings*. I thought I'd beat them to it and write you a letter first before they decided to write and mislead others. It is really called The Hierophant and as you can see for yourself, it is almost exactly like the one of the 4th L.P. by Led Zep.

The Hierophant represents the keeper of hidden knowledge, and absolute wisdom. The small figure, pictured on the 4th album at the bottom of the hill, represents the unnumbered Tarot card, called The Fool. The Fool is lost in the darkness but looking up towards the light from the Hierophant's lantern. The Fool represents the opposite of card number 9, absolute ignorance, he is the seeker, ever looking upwards to the light. I think the story or idea Robert is trying to get across in "Stairway to Heaven" is that of the seeker, always trying to reach the light. He may be waylaid from time to time but he tries to keep a straight path. I don't know if my interpretation is correct but I think it makes a lot more sense than all the vague references to Tolkien, some people insist are direct quotes.

By the way, I'm a great fan of yours and enjoy reading all your reports, gossip, etc.....Thank you. □

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Think what this power can mean in your life. You need money . . . and it's there! You want some affection . . . you'll be smothered! You want peace and quiet . . . the world stands still!

NO MORE SECRETS WILL BE KEPT FROM YOU!

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Think how many secrets must be hidden all around you! Things your spouse won't tell . . .

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Scott Reed is one of the nation's leading mind-power experts. Presently engaged as a writer on developments in the behavioral sciences, his revelations about the unseen world of the mind have been read by millions. A graduate of the City University of New York, his own life is living proof of "Automatic Mind-Command."

A Master Researcher, Metaphysician, and Psychic Advisor, he has helped countless men and women find true happiness. He has the rare ability of writing clearly and simply so that even the most profound Truths can be plainly understood by anyone.

your neighbors won't say . . . your boss keeps quiet about . . . **ALL BROUGHT INTO THE OPEN JUST FOR YOU!!** They'll tell you all their secrets, but they won't know why.

Hold on now, because I haven't told you yet about the best part of "Automatic Mind-Command."

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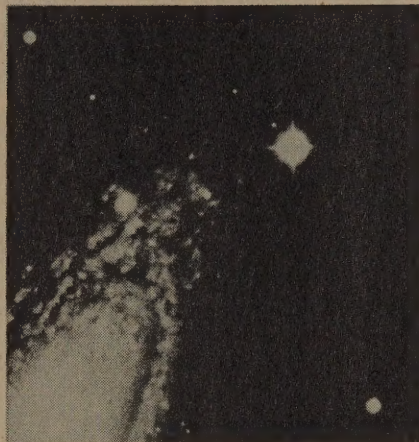
And it's all just *minutes* away!

Larry S. wanted to see his girlfriend—although he had no idea where she was—and no way of

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contacting her by letter or phone. From far away . . . he began using "Automatic Mind-Command!" In that instant, his girlfriend knew what she had to do. She dropped what she was doing, excused herself and hurried to visit him. Arriving in record time—she hugged and kissed him, explaining that "something" told her he wanted and needed her, and what could she do for him!

Now here's a most fantastic use of "Automatic Mind-Command"—one I'm sure you'll agree proves that here is a power which staggers the imagination!

For example, cases of health-symptoms relieved with "Automatic Mind-Command!" John C. reports that his hearing now seems normal again! Warren W.'s blurred eyesight cleared, sharpened, and now seems normal! Lydia E. says her arthritic symptoms of soreness and stiffness in the fingers were relieved when nothing else seemed to help, and Mrs. M. S. was surprised when her leg pain disappeared. Bella S., who complained of "ulcerative colitis" with stomach cramps and diarrhea, obtained fast relief . . . And others report relief from complaints of high blood pressure, heart symptoms, "migraine" headaches, weakness, dizziness, fatigue, and more.

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Scott Reed

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JOHN CALE

by Lisa Robinson

"I think the craziness
might be there more now...
more than the musical genius thing."

-- John Cale, London
May 12th, 1975

Readers familiar with these pages know that I have been carrying on for some time about John Cale. Renaissance musician, - producer, performer, songwriter, singer, arranger, composer, conductor - in every sense of the word, John first attracted attention as a founder member of the Velvet Underground. (Well, he actually attracted attention before that; involved with avant garde classical musicians following his trek to this country in the early sixties, John once screamed at a potted plant in concert until it died. So legend has it.) So ... he and Lou Reed, Sterling Morrison, Maureen Tucker and eventually, Nico - made up that memorable, elitist, crazed rock and roll band. Very much a part of the hustling New York street scene of the then-happening 1960's, John was responsible for much of the madness in the Velvets. With his berserk viola and much feedback, he was a strong presence, almost diabolical as he would create that screeching sound. When John left the Velvets Lou Reed attempted to keep the band going with a variety of personnel changes, but it was never the same.

John pursued what they call a "solo" career, a strange and many-faceted solo career, a perfect reflection of his schizoid musical personality. John produced intensely menacing, yet beautiful albums for Nico. He was at the controls of the first - and best - Stooges lp, a mastery of teenage rock and roll before anyone ever came up with the term "punk rock". And then .. he produced an album for a pale blonde who had starred once in "Hair" named Jenifer. And then ... he produced a collectors' item tape with the Modern Lovers, a classic of Jonathan Richman songs that Warners would never release. He worked at Warners as an A & R man for awhile, yet no one ever really knew how to utilize his talents there. (I remember once, when John was considering a job in A & R at another record company, his big idea was to sit in an oxygen tent in the middle of a large room when people came in with tapes. I still think it's one of the better ideas he's come up with.)

And in between all of this, he's

managed to release five albums (six if you include a strangely instrumental one with Terry Riley called "The Church of Anthrax") on his own, filled with magnificent and mad music. Love songs, hate songs, screams, tender whispers ... the entire musical gamut. (I've always wanted to use that word, there couldn't be a better person.) On Columbia, Warners and now Island Records - whose A & R man Richard Williams had the good sense and faith to sign him to a six album deal.

Bringing it up to the present, John now lives, records and performs in London, where I went a few months ago to see him in concert. Misses California madly, - "Why not?" he asked, "I've got a nice house there, my grand piano, and I can keep fit there." I was a bit nervous when I went backstage at the Drury Lane Theater, one always heard these ... stories about John in concert. There was the time he hurled chairs all across the stage, breaking everything in sight. And then once, in Manchester he and his wife Cyndy had a pre-performance performance ... arguing, shall we say, and he went onstage berserk...crawling all over the floors. And then in Marseilles a girl grabbed him while he was onstage and began to demonstrate rather explicit sexual affections, all of which John encouraged, of course. The legend grew. But I often found that people in England

tend to be a bit naive about such matters. Everytime I saw John in London this past year he was perfectly fine. In good spirits, funny, charming, witty, adorable. Oh there were the usual ... problems, peculiar whims..just enough to make it interesting. Unpredictable, certainly - listen, who isn't who's interesting? So I found that these British just exaggerated, that was all. John was alive and well and making important music, music that continues to matter for the seventies. His concerts were events, that was all. When I saw John, accompanied by guitarist Chris Spedding, Chris Thomas (his producer but sat in on electric piano on this tour), Eno, Timi Donald and Pat Donaldson rush into their dressing room, I was really glad that I had flown all the way to London with little sleep, only to have to return two days later, primarily for this concert. "The Savoy Hotel is great, John!" I shrieked as way of greeting, "I KNOW!" he enthused back, "I'll have to come there for eggs benedict ... they make the only good eggs benedict in town." So there, so much for lunacy.

Watching the show from the side of the stage, I couldn't help but break into a tremendous grin as John sat down at the grand piano and went into "Child's Christmas in Wales" from the "Paris 1919" lp. It was great to see him performing in concert again; obviously his doubts about it have diminished ... his



tour was a raging success and an American equivalent is in the works. "Paris 1919", "Antartica Starts Here", "Waiting for my Man" (his only tribute to the Velvets) "Pablo Picasso" (his tribute to Jonathan Richman - a very funny song ... "Pablo Picasso, nobody got called an asshole ... NOT LIKE YOU!!"), and more of his recent music followed.

Midway through the concert, John switched from piano to electric guitar. The mood changed; all at once instead of the artiste ... the composer who had been classically trained yet chose to fulfill his musical visions within romantic rock and roll ... John became the mad rock and

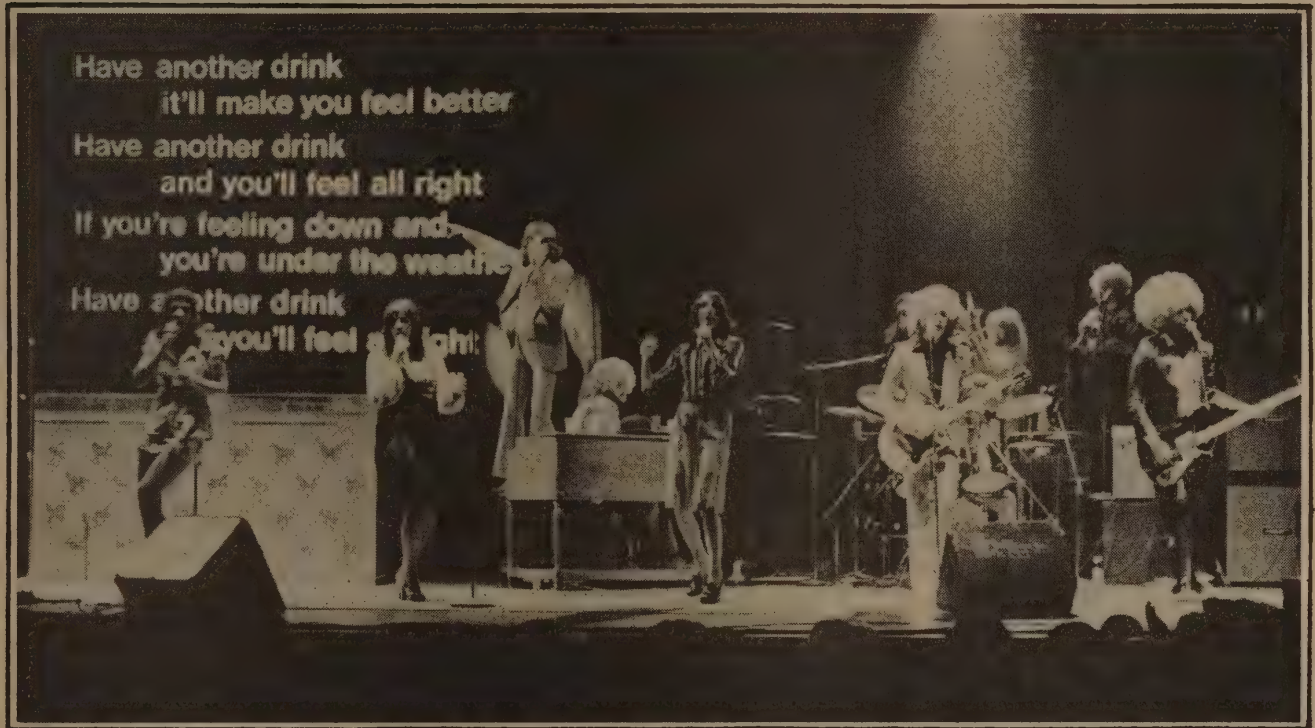
(continued on page 62)



A CHAT WITH RAY DAVIES

About Soap Operas, Hit Records, And A Character Named Flash Who's Threatening To Take Over His Life..

by Lisa Robinson



Bob Gruen

"I often wonder why I don't get covers on my songs," Ray Davies said thoughtfully as we sat in his hotel room during the recent ("Soap Opera") tour. "But then again, how could Andy Williams sit there and sing ... 'if my friends could see me now ... sitting here in my hotel room ...'?" We laughed, but I added, that he probably could sing "You Make it All Worthwhile" and make it sound quite believable. "That session, you know, I put strings on it ... and when the string players came in I didn't play them the words, just played the backtrack. And they said, 'Oh, it's a lovely piece; I think we'll play it like chamber music.' I said yes, good, then I played the words after they left."

"I made 'Soap Opera' because it was like ... well, like someone who did a horror movie like 'Psycho' and then had to do a comedy afterwards; it was very light and I didn't have to take it too seriously. Except the part of the play when Norman confronts himself, is he a star or has he got to give it up. I make a big thing of that in the play and people might associate it with me." It's not autobiographical

though, is it? "No ... but I know people will assume so. Yet in many ways, 'Soap Opera' is a more serious story than 'Preservation' because it's about a man who had an acute mental problem. I mean imagine this man arriving home every night and dressing up in this rock and roll outfit and ridiculous suit..."

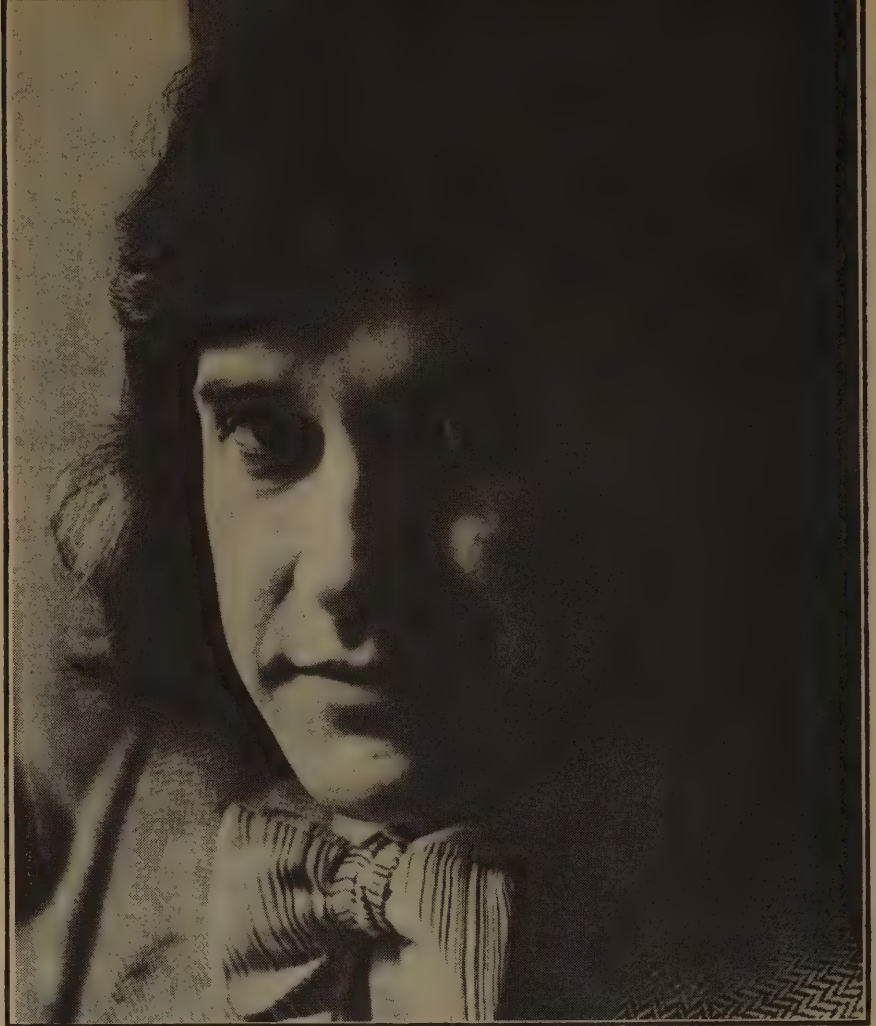
"This isn't really a soap opera," Ray continued, "it's more highbrow." We discussed the various pros and cons of soap operas in America and in England; I ventured that they were getting more *au courant* these days, marijuana, abortion, women's liberation ... ecology ... "Yes, and marriage too," Ray added. Far out ... "There was a wedding on 'Crossroads,'" Ray said, "and people turned out in the thousands, they thought it was a real wedding - you know. It's really sick. I can imagine it happening in America but in England ... well, perhaps in England they are even more gullible. But the sickest one is that one called 'Coronation Street' - the people in that really believe they are the characters. They aren't actors anymore, they've just become their parts." Hasn't that happened to you? "Well, sometimes,

yes. When I wrote "Everybody's in Show Biz" I sort of tried to live the part and certainly with 'Preservation'. But I try not to let it get to me too much. I must admit I had the horrors when we first rehearsed 'Soap Opera' ... it was starting to get to me and I did start thinking I was Norman." (For the uninitiated, "Soap Opera" is about Norman, who is replaced by Ray, the biggest star in the world. He lives in his house, goes to his job, sleeps with his wife, all for the sake of art - doing "research for his songs". Somewhere in the middle, it becomes apparent that Norman is in fact playing rock and roll star, rather than the other way around. This is presented with an album's worth of Ray Davies songs - all witty, some sad, rock and roll - and a mini - theatrical presentation that includes the use of the back projection screen with film clips, the Kinks wearing day glo colored afro wigs, and Ray's amazing presence - onstage nearly all the time. It takes itself far less seriously than "Preservation" - more tongue in cheek, and was a big success with American audiences when seen onstage here this past spring.)

"I'd like to do some more with 'Preservation'," Ray continued, "Maybe not even be in it, just direct it. I'd really like to shoot a film of it. I'm really involved with that character, it's almost as if I've created a Frankenstein. While I've been doing a scenario I've realized how interesting a character he is. I'd have to elaborate on certain things obviously, because I'd have to show different sides of his character. People think that he's just a bad guy-good guy-type, a bad guy with a good side. But there's a lot more than that. I would want to sort of show his background, and the reason why he is the way he is. Flash appears ruthless, but he's got to be really weak at times. And a little bit clumsy too, and at the same time, well-mannered. So he's got to have a lot of me in him. But I'm sure that the best person to be James Bond was Ian Fleming. I mean he wasn't as glamorous as James Bond, but he was him." Like Raymond Chandler was Phillip Marlowe ... "See, people would associate it with me because I have been it, I made Flash. But maybe I could try and get somebody else and make him believable. And that person could add something to the part on his own ... he could be a good actor."

Don't you want to act, I wondered. "Well, with 'Preservation' I just want to get it made. I don't really want to use it as a vehicle for me, really. Because it has taken over in my life. It actually exists like a sideboard ... it's not an idea ... or a song anymore, it actually exists. Strange..."

"Sometimes I think I'd like to write a book about it as well. What I've done and the things that I've been going through while I've been writing it, just the sum total, it's really interesting. I put a lot of myself into my work, more than I should because I'm not experienced enough at writing to know when I should withdraw and look at it from a distance. And because I put so much into it, there's much more of me in it than I've realized in all the characters and their motivations. So maybe I'd like to analyze all that, maybe it would make a nice book."



Steve Morley

...the fella often wonders.

"You know someone once said that they should put someone like me on an island and then I wouldn't get upset by the world. I could just write songs and paint pictures. But that's wrong, I mean the reason I'm here is because I have something to say about the world. And the fact that I get upset about the world is a good enough reason to be here."

Changing the subject, Ray said,

"Americans are so large, aren't they?" I beg your pardon ... "Well, the over indulgence, eating consuming ..." Yes, there is a lot of white bread and sugar about. "But it's good to get drunk every so often," Ray said, getting no argument from me. "It's been getting worse though," he continued, "it's like the last meal we'll ever have. Before it was just sort of greedy, now it's desperate. And it's obvious in hamburger and coffee joints. Even in health food places ... I went to one the other day and they were piling up all this food ... I just don't know how they eat it all."

Changing the subject again, I asked Ray if he ever had ducks on his wall (referring to the great song in "Soap Opera") and he replied, "Yes, I did. In 1967, in my house. I thought they were pleasant. I used to look at them. People don't realize how pleasant ducks can be. In London there's a duck pond and I go over there. I did research for "Ducks on the Wall" at this pond called Waterlow Park in Highgate. Beautiful, ducks. They look ugly but there is something beautiful about them. I like all birds."

We continued to talk of records, Ray pointed out that his last Number One Record was five years ago. "And I think if the things I've done since then," he said, "they've had so much more quality about them. The songs might not be as commer-



Bob Gruen

Soap Opera, the latest Davies creation.

(continued on page 60)

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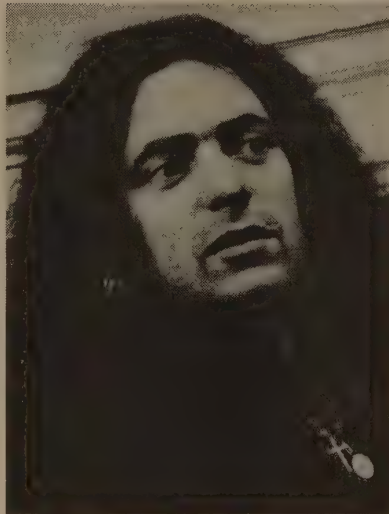
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ROCK & ROLL HOTLINE

By Lisa Robinson

Deep Purple, who are one of the biggest bands in the world as opposed to being a huge band here in the U.S., have gone through a major line-up revision with the exit of Ritchie Blackmore from the group. Ritchie, whose lead guitar has always been part of the Deep Purple sound, will be replaced by Tommy Bolin who used to be in the James Gang. Tommy Bolin will record and play with Deep Purple, but will also continue his solo career on Nemperor Records.

Now out of Deep Purple, Ritchie Blackmore has formed his own group to be called Rainbow. They will release their first album soon and will be on tour within the next few months. Besides Ritchie on lead guitar, Rainbow includes four former members of the group Elf: Ronnie Dio, vocals; Craig Gruber, bass;



Ritchie Blackmore

Gary Driscoll, drums; and Mickey Lee Soule, keyboards.



If David Bowie had made some of the movies that he's announced his making, like "Stranger In A Strange Land", he'd be well on his way to his first Oscar nomination. But better late than never, times are tough, etc., so David is now making his first movie, we hope, with the rather unrevealing title, "The Man Who Fell To Earth". The film will be put together by Nicholas Roeg and is a love story about America or something like that. Filming is already underway on location in new Mexico and we certainly hope that this one will be released.

Speaking of mustaches, I asked Tom Verlaine if he was growing one as we sat and talked at the bar of CBGB last week. "No," he smiled, "I'm just too lazy to shave, - I never bother to change my clothes ... wash my socks..."

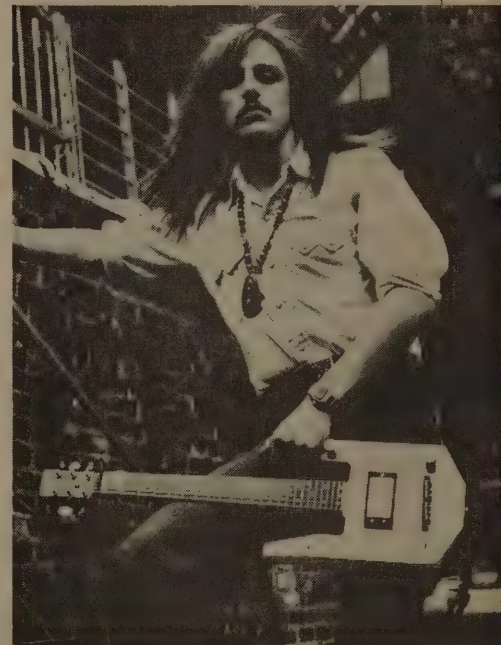
Dirty socks or no, Tom has managed — with the former Television bassist Richard Hell gone — to focus his music and continue to make strong, incredible rock and roll.

Somehow, the band may be stronger

without Hell, Tom is clearly the center now, with that extra crazed presence of Hell eliminated, you almost hear the music more ... the harmonies are apparent, and Television's music is intense. Richard Lloyd also has come out much more as an effective guitarist, and the band continues to perform weekly at CBGB to an *intensely* devoted following that includes many big music business names.

When someone told Lou Reed that he should go and see Television

If you see the Climax Blues Band and notice that it looks like Peter Haycock seems to be playing a ukulele instead of a guitar, you've got the right size but the wrong musical instrument. Peter is still playing the guitar as the Climax Blues Band's lead guitarist, but the guitar he's playing is somewhat out of the ordinary. Peter's guitar is a present from Ronnie Van Zant, lead singer of Lynyrd Skynyrd. Ronnie gave it to Peter after both bands performed together. The guitar has a main body less than nine inches wide and only a foot long, roughly the size of a cigar box and is probably the smallest electric guitar ever played by a pro rock musician. "I was so freaked out when Ronnie gave it to me that I plugged it into the amp that the cocktail band was using on the stage in the bar of the Holiday Inn where Ronnie gave me the guitar and jammed away for hours. And I've used it onstage ever since. Lynyrd Skynyrd, a millions thanks," said Peter.



Peter Haycock with the world's smallest guitar.

because they were the new Velvet Underground, he *shrieked*, "I AM THE VELVET UNDERGROUND!!" Be that as it may, the possibilities for Television are endless; musically complex and yet melodic, this essentially guitar band has as its lead singer a true superstar in Tom Verlaine. They *look* like a band from years ago, it's weird, really — more like the early Stones and Who than the Velvets or anything 1970's freaky. Visually, I miss Richard Hell ... musically, not really.

John Phillips and Genevieve Waite advertised as "Papa John Phillips and Genevieve Waite" for some reason in the local NY papers for a recent appearance at Reno Sweeney's. I never did find out why, but it was good to see them on a stage again. Having recovered from their Broadway disappointment ("Man On The Moon" ran less than a week this past winter) they were back at Reno's with new songs, some old patter, and John had a new look. Early David Niven, I think it could be safely called ... maybe Clifton Webb ... very strange: clipped mustache and gray hair waved into some kind of ... process. Oh well, I suppose he's entitled to look a little eccentric, in any case the talent's still there. His new songs (or Gen's new songs, they don't discern who wrote what) are great; "Doing The Quella" is a catchy,

reggae influenced song about a South African dance Genevieve used to do when she was young; "Dear John/Dear Gen" is a witty love letter back and forth from the bins; a corny song about "Virginia" — supposedly John's home state, is effective when Ms. Waite acts out the words. *Very* cute, as she still always is. But I could live without their *patter*. John has a vaguely disturbing almost maniacal grin on his face throughout the whole set, (can he still be nervous onstage after all this time?), and his putdowns of her don't work. Perhaps they do want to be Sonny and Cher (in reverse and yes, yes, hipper) of the 70's, but it just comes off as so much Ike and Tina Turner. Makes one long to hear Genevieve's voice all the more, and less of the "jokes", even less of John. Though of course he is one of the greatest songwriters.



The only amusing line I can remember was when John said, "Genevieve is like Interview magazine, she knows fourteen people." You had to be there.

Diana Ross and Elton John have joined forces to host "The First Annual Rock Awards", a live CBS network special, Saturday, August 9th, from 10 - 11:30 pm eastern time. The show will be produced by Don Kirshner. It will originate live from the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium in California. Kirshner, who's responsible for "Don Kirshner's Rock Concert", has put together the "First Annual Rock Awards" in an attempt to give progressive music a fair shake on tv. As you may have noticed, most of the award shows on tv are anything but hard rock. They seem to think the Carpenters are as heavy metal as they want to get. Not so with Kirshner's show. "Never before," he says, "have so many millions of people spent so many billions of dollars for progressive musical entertainment. Though not excluded from other award programs, progressive rock artists have never before received the unilateral attention they deserve."

No guild or academy will take any part in the selection of the winners. The most outstanding progressive



Don Kirshner poses for a photo with Edgar Winter and Rick Derringer backstage after taping a TV show.

rock artists in 15 awards categories will be chosen by members of the National Association of Progressive Radio Announcers, and by a selection of magazine and newspaper editors who are involved in rock music, including, we're happy to announce, Hit Parader!

With Elton and Diana hosting the show, a star packed stage is expected. The awards will be presented by major stars in all areas of entertainment. Be sure to tune in.



Wayne County, well known rock personality whose reports have appeared on these pages from time to time, has just finished recording his first album and we're happy to let you know that it's everything Wayne is live and in concert captured on a disc for ESP Records. It can be ordered at your local record shop.



Ronee Blakley (L), Henry Gibson and Barbara Baxley in "Nashville."

Rock and roll movies are hard to come by these days, but a new film called "Nashville" is proving to be entertaining and rock and roll in the great tradition of "Easy Rider", "Harder They Come", etc. "Nashville" takes place in Music City, U.S.A., otherwise known as Nashville, Tennessee and weaves the lives of twenty-four major characters whose destinies are altered by five days in the country music capital. Produced and directed by Robert Altman, "Nashville" stars David Arkin, Barbara Baxley, Karen Black, Ronee Blakley, Keith Carradine, Geraldine Chaplin, Lily Tomlin, and Keenan Wynn. It's an exciting, fun movie and may turn some of its stars into musical superstars. □



Keith Carradine in "Nashville."

RECORDS

by Lee Black Childers with
additional commentary by
Wayne County

What a month! New York City went broke. Someone burned down the Bronx. The CIA bit the dust. The New York Dolls finally officially broke up. And the record companies hit the public with one Elton John album, one Wings album, one Bee Gees album, one Lynyrd Skynyrd album, and TWO Stones albums. No, it was not an easy month. Summer arrived with its usual blasting heat wave and my air conditioner died after two hours of death, agonies during which it made hideous screeching noises and spewed brown water all over the living room.

And this was the month I was accorded the privilege of doing the entire record review column. What with so many *heavy* names releasing albums at the same time, I looked upon this task as somewhat frightening. After all, by the time you read this column, everyone in the world has already bought the new Elton John album — they certainly don't need me to tell them about it, and care less whether I liked it or not. But as the old poem that was made into a movie starring Errol Flynn and later remade to star David Hemmings says: "Ours is not to reason why, Ours is but to do or die!" Both Errol and David died valiantly with their boots on, I surely cannot hesitate. But why perish alone? I decided to call in a second opinion — that of my illustrious roommate and rock demon, Wayne County. His rather candid comments were for the most part recorded by me one sultry ayem as we played each album in turn. Shall we begin?

CAPTAIN FANTASTIC AND THE BROWN DIRT COWBOY

Elton John - (MCA - 2142)



I used to work for *Sixteen* magazine many years ago and one of my duties was mailing David Cassidy and Osmond Brothers "Funtime Kits" out to those fans who had sent in a one dollar bill together with their name and address requesting one. They were little booklets of "intimate" pictures and personal messages from their faves. This Elton John album gives one the initial impression that it is a double disc super-deluxe edition, since it is a double sleeve job. But no, only one sleeve contains a record — in the other you will find your very own Elton and Bernie Funtime Kit. Great. There are two booklets — one is lyrics and pictures and the other is pictures and personal messages. In all, much better quality than the dreary little black & white jobs we sent out at *Sixteen*. The other sleeve contains a record which I am told artfully chronicles the early trials and tribulations of Elton and Bernie as they sought stardom. If this is so, it certainly beats "The Helen Morgan Story". Helen, you may recall, sang a lot of beautiful songs, got kicked around by a heel, and died of alcoholism. Elton, on the other hand, sings a lot of beautiful songs, (even the mildly unpleasant experiences like nearly getting married are terrific tunes), and ends up rich, famous, adored, and still single. I love happy endings.

Commenting on Elton's music is pretty tough. It's like telling an art critic to comment on the Venus De Milo. He may not personally flip out over plump marble ladies with no arms and nose jobs, but nonetheless, he cannot deny that it is great art. It is much the same with Elton, — we have all heard his work before and agreed rather unanimously that it was good. This, too, is good as will be the next six albums he releases. He doesn't do anything outrageous or ugly or even boring — it's just ten really good Elton tunes. Here's the conversation that occurred when I played the record for Wayne. The two of us sat in silence listening intently for the first few songs.

Wayne: Well, the drums are excellently produced ... as usual.

We listened some more.

Wayne: Lots of action on the high hat. Even more intently, we listened as we flipped to side two.

Wayne: Perfect backup vocals ... as usual. Yet more pleasant tunes flowed by.

Wayne: Mucho classical inspired piano ... as usual.

The band played on.

Wayne: Tuneful vocals by Elton. He sings very well ... as usual.

The album came to an end.

Wayne: That lp is unexciting, unexpired....

Me: Unexpired? Magazine subscriptions expire, people expire when they have tuberculosis.

Wayne: Well, I wish this record would expire.

Me: Do you mean *inspired*?

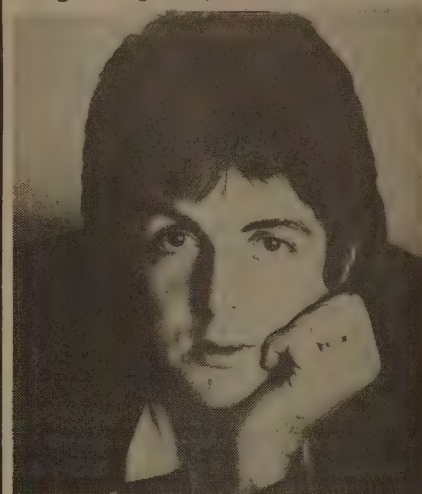
Wayne: Yes, UNinspired, spiritless, dull, stale, all sound-alike, Muzak drivel. The public deserves this lp.

Me: Wayne, how can you be so harsh? This album was the first album in history

to go platinum before it even shipped. Wayne: (patting his long blonde hair) So what, I went platinum before I was twelve.

VENUS AND MARS ARE ALRIGHT TONIGHT

Wings - Capitol (SMAS - 11419)



Do you suppose Mars and Venus (who were lovers as well as gods) are supposed to represent Paul and Linda? Well, the back of the album contains the tender sentiment, "Rock on lovers everywhere, because that's basically it". I think by now there is no one who is unaware of the fact that Paul and Linda (besides singing in harmony) are having babies, kissing, dressing each other, and generally behaving in the sort of way that happily married kids are expected to behave. But just in case someone might have him mixed up with one of his rather erratically romantic ex-colleagues, Paul has set the record (and I do mean this record) STRAIGHT. Don't get me wrong. I think it is dandy that they found each other and settled down. I think this record is dandy, too. It is also settled down. It won't frighten you or startle you or cause any disruption in your life except of course when you have to get up to change sides. Otherwise you can relax with your best girl on the front porch swing, watch the fireflies, and cuddle. Even the rock songs wouldn't startle a sleeping doe. There is one rather intriguing rock song called "Rock Show." I can't honestly tell what to make of it. I rather like the tune, but there is something distinctly bitter about its attitude — as if Paul is looking upon live rock shows as not only a part of his past, but indeed a rather silly part. I'll probably get lots of letters telling me I'm wrong, and I hope I am. There are other mildly bitter moments on the album, but don't let them bother you.

There's a bit of anti-drug propaganda, a smattering of be true to your true-love advice, and the wise admonition to be kind to old people because, assuming the drugs don't get us and the front porch swing doesn't collapse, we'll all be old one

RECORDS

day ourselves. Well, all I can say is NO! I'll not grow old yet, Mr. McCartney. You won't get me out on the farm with the sheep and the bugs and the manure — watching the sun set. Not yet — one day, perhaps, but not yet.

Wayne's reaction was brief: "Unh, the Wings elpee is just as good as Elton's. They should pipe Elton John, and Paul McCartney into all the elevators. The old ladies wouldn't notice the difference between them and Mantovani doing "Shame, Shame, Shame."

Oh yes, there's a Funtime Kit in this album, too. In this case it consists of a couple of posters, a sticker, and a chart of the planets showing their relative sizes. Mars is painted red. Venus is yellow. Funny, I always thought it was blue.

Next, the Stones albums. Since Wayne has been an avid devoted Stones fan for as many years as there have been Stones fans, I decided to just let him do the reviews of these two albums since both of them are old material.

MADE IN THE SHADE

The Rolling Stones - Rolling Stones Records (COC 79102)

Wayne: What can you say about a greatest hits album? It's a collection of the Stones' latest hits that haven't appeared on another greatest hits album before, but give them time, and they'll appear on another album in a different order.



METAMORPHOSIS

The Rolling Stones - Abkco - (ANA 1)

Wayne: "Let's talk about the horrible side first. "Memo From Turner" is horrible ... horrible. I'm sure that the Stones must have been joking around in the studio when they did this. I can just hear Mick Jagger now, saying, "Why don't we make Memo From Turner funky ... you know, do it the way David Bowie would do it." (Lee's note: Yes, we all know this was probably recorded long before Bowie went funky.) The original version of "Memo From Turner" from the brilliant movie, *Performance*, is one of the best things Mick Jagger has ever done. But this watery pretentious piece of shit is only worthy of existence simply because the Stones are doing it. The best tracks on this side are "Jiving Sister Fanny" and "I'm Going Down." They're great dance songs that are easy to move to. The other tracks aren't even worth mentioning. I guess I could get at least used to hearing them. Too folky and acoustic. The Stones at their worst. But even at their worst, they sound better than most rock groups at their best!!!

Now to get to the brilliant Side One. The opening song is a fantastic version of "Out Of Time." This is on their *Aftermath* lp and is the Stones at their best. This arrangement is exactly like the Chris Farlowe version which was a number one hit in England in 1966. This version has girls singing backups and is shorter and more to the point. I guess a lot of people would say that this version is better musically. "Don't Lie To Me" sounds like the Stones around the time of their third lp, *The Rolling Stones Now*. Very "Down The Road Apiece" sounding. It's that old Chuck Berry, Sonny Boy Williamson blues sound that the Stones do the best.

It's exciting to hear this style especially an unreleased track such as this!!! "Each And Every Day Of The Year" is a sad song. A love song with harp and mucho strings. Very dramatic and grand. A song.

A fantastic, beautiful, sad love song. Excellent!!! "Heart Of Stone" is also excellent. The crying steel guitar gives a great country feel but without taking away from the basic rock blues sound that the song puts across. The steel guitar break is refreshing and good. Can't understand why the Stones don't use more of it. In fact, I can't understand why they don't do songs like this anymore.

It's better than anything they've done in the past five or six years. "I'd Much Rather Be With The Boys" is the best thing I have heard from *anybody* in years!!! Oh Stones, PLEASE, let's do more songs like this!!! This is very Little Peggy March sounding. ("I Will Follow Him," "I wish I Were A Princess," and "Hello Heartache, Goodbye Love.") Keith and the Stones' old manager Andrew Oldham wrote this brilliant piece of Pop Rock. This, without a shadow of a doubt, should have been a single!!! In fact, a brought - up - to - date version of this

could be a number one today! Of course I think it's excellent just the way it is, but we all know how the masses are, don't we? This song is exciting, refreshing, and a total breath of pure fresh air! "Sleepy City" is a catchy little ditty. The banging piano, and bells ringing like a Sunday morning church call, give this very Herman's Hermits sounding song just the right feel for putting over the effect of a lonely boy walking through the sleeping city, wishing that he had a love to walk along beside him. Believe you me, the Ronettes couldn't have done it any better!!! The next song is "Try A Little Harder." Talk about the Ronettes! Well, this is sheer Crystals if ever I have heard it. What fantastic early Sixties sax!! These songs are sheer ecstasy to listen to. It's the first time I've put on the Stones in ages and have reacted with smiles, grins, and out and out laughter of joy and relief!!! I am completely flabbergasted that these songs have never been released before, because they are some of the best songs the Stones have ever recorded. People will tell you that you can't relive the past — but if anyone could, The Stones could, and these songs prove it."

So that's Wayne's Stones' review. I certainly can't add anything to that!

MAIN COURSE

Bee Gees - RSO Records (SO 4807)

I've always liked the Bee Gees and I'm told they have a very strong following in the States and Canada. That's good because they are a good band that continues to put out consistently high quality music. This album is particularly good. Like Elton and McCartney, it sounds like nothing so much as more Bee Gees music, so if you haven't liked them before, it's unlikely this album will do anything to win you over. But if you have enjoyed them in the past, you will be delighted with these songs. They have a lot of spirit and really excellent production. "Jive Talkin'," the single, is already a hit and gets a lot of play in the discos. It is great to dance to. Wayne likes "Baby As You turn Away" because it's "tearful, melancholy, straight - ahead Bee Gees all the way." This album will probably get a lot of play around our house even though there isn't a Funtime Kit included with it.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

SPECIAL ADDED BONUS PICK-HITS

There are two albums that are newly released that have earned mention solely on the merit of their music. Neither of these artists is particularly famous, and neither have already established huge devoted cult followings. I think if you have a whole record column to yourself, it's your duty to turn your readers on to something or someone they might not know about yet.

The first of these is Lewis Furey. (A&M - SP-4522) Now here is some
(continued on page 52)

A CRITICAL HISTORY OF BRITISH ROCK

Part Two

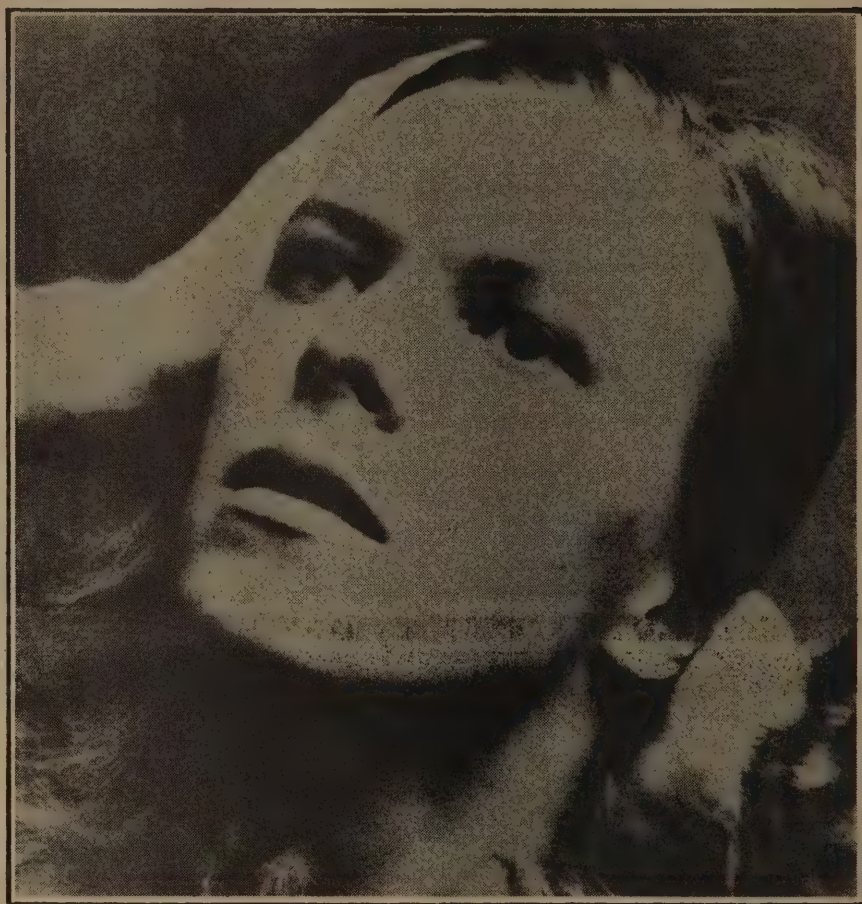
by John Mendelsohn

When last we shot the breeze, unless I'm mistaken, I regaled you with the enchanting account of how I came to meet Martin Barre in his underwear (that is, Martin was in his underwear, I in my own), but neglected to caution you on becoming emotionally entangled with British superduperstars of the same sex. Kindly remind me to do so this time, as I delight and astonish you with the tedious account of how David Bowie — who has since dwarfed even Martin Barre — and the author came to be big, if fairweather, buddies.

Having been apprised early on in our friendship of my vast affection for the city wherein little cablecars climb halfway to the stars, Fast Lewie Segal — who at that time occupied the thankless position of West Coast Publicist for Mercury Records — in early 1971 allowed as how he might be able to sweettalk same into buying me airfare there were I, in turn, to promise to interview this little English geezer who recorded for them, much to their surprise.

Upon arriving at the swank Market St. Holiday Inn, where we were to share accommodations on a purely platonic basis, F. Lewie informed me that, owing to his congenital incompatibility with the miracle that is the modern automobile, I would have to rent a car and greet Bowie at the airport when he winged in from Houston.

I foresaw no inordinate difficulty in recognizing my prospective pal, even though we'd never met, for hadn't I meticulously scrutinized the protrait on the cover of *Man of Words / Man of Music* (which RCA has since zanily rechristened *Space Oddity*)? Imagine my embarrassment, then, when, instead of a pale, only - vaguely - effeminate folkie, what sidled up to me and didn't say, "Hey, sailor, looking for a little fun?" was this chap in shoulder - length blonde tresses, eye make-up, a shoulder-bag, and the general appearance of a mutant Lauren Bacall!



If Dave sees fit to assure anyone who'll listen that he's as wanton a deviate as the next guy, that, as far as the author can see, is his business. I can nonetheless assure you that he fairly trembled with glee on being hipped (over an expensive lobster feed) by F. Lewie that the latter — working in telephonic tandem with Rodney Bingenheimer back in Hollywood — could fix him up with a starstruck local nymphet if he so craved.

Boy, did he ever so crave. As we were all preparing to quit digging The Brass Doubles (an amazing duo that played organ, bass pedals, drums, and two horns between them simultaneously) in the cocktail lounge and to go up to catch some shuteye, Dave's Rodeny - dispatched dreamdate announced that it had been real far-out meeting all of us, but she was now real tired and was gonna go home and "crash," the implication being that she had little intention of sticking

around and getting to know Dave carnally. Dave, though, simply wouldn't hear of it. In a voice that would have raised goosebumps on the flesh of even so worldly a rake as Martin Barre, he cooed, "What? You're not coming up for a guitar lesson?"

Early the subsequent a.m. she reported that Dave had taught her to play a D-minor chord, but those of us who enjoyed some proximity to the happy couple suspected that a D-minor chord hadn't been all she'd learned. No sir!

That evening I drove us all down to San Jose (to which I knew the way), where Dave was supposed to be interviewed on the air of this or that FM station. En route we collaborated on new lyrics for Edwin Starr's then - current "War": for the title word we substituted "tits," as in, "(Tits!) What are they good for? / Absolutely nothing!" And some people believe that Dave only recently got into

soul music!

Once at the station I hipped Dave to The Stooges — for which I hereby demand full credit. When the DJ mused, "Wadya wanna play?" Dave replied, "Loaded," but the author intervened: "Oh, no: why not instead discover The Stooges, who are more fabulous yet?"

On the flight back to Los Angeles, Bowie sat next to the window, I on the aisle, and the venerable F. Lewie between us. From the moment we took off it was as though Bowie and I were having a contest to determine who was more terrified of flying: we had only to encounter a smidgen of turbulence for both of us to go colorless, tremble piteously, and loudly evoke God's mercy. Had it not been for the splendid F. Lewie's assurances that everything was in fact all right, in spite of overwhelming evidence to the contrary, neither of us would have survived past Santa Barbara.

We obviously did survive, though, and Bowie did, as legend has it, indeed have a party thrown in his honor by the superb Rodney. Hot pants had only hours before become all the rage among your hipper legal secretaries, many of whom wore same — along with teased hair and false eyelashes — to Dave's fete. I shall never forget the looks on their faces when, hardly before they'd had an opportunity to strike provocative poses in the living room, Dave — in his most ludicrous Lauren Bacall drag — slinked over to them and leered, "Oh, thank you for having come to my party." Several couldn't relate to this and got the hell out of there *pronto*. Dave later entertained those who stayed on by playing the guitar and singing: with all due respect to my pal's prodigious genius, I found this segment of the festivities slightly boring.

Just before going home to England Dave attended a Christopher Milk rehearsal, through most of which he tapped his toe appreciatively and at whose end he showed the boys how to play "Waiting For The Man" in the key of A. The ensuing jam was spectacular, if heartfelt.



Some eighteen months later, when the ex - semi - missus and myself travelled to England, we phoned my old buddy and suggested that it would be outasite if we and he and his missus were to get together for a pizza or sumthin.

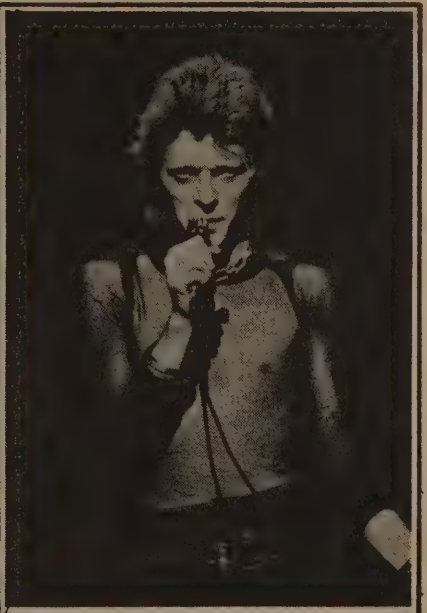
The ensuing reunion of us old chums was interrupted rather too frequently by youngsters coming over to our table to inquire as to whether or not Bowie would be willing to sign autograph for their little siblings at home. In his way-out clothing and hair that had only days before been dyed orange and teased into what many refer to as "The Ziggy Cut," he wasn't too terribly difficult to recognize. Angie, in white fur and a strange accent, was real charming.

At the end of the cab-ride back to the Portobello Hotel — which journey both the ex - semi - missus and I had doubts we'd survive, owing to the fact that the cabbie seemed lots more interested in ogling Bowie in his rearview than in the road ahead — Dave assured us he'd phone from New York and arrange for us to come see his forthcoming Carnegie Hall concert.

He never did so, and I have seen him since but once, at the original Rodeny's English Disco, where he was too busy holding court with a coterie of early glitter geeks to give his old pal John more than a perfunctory howdy. Subsequently, he hasn't so much as phoned during his thousands of visits to these sultry shores, nor sent even a tersely - worded postcard.

The sorry point of all which is that, should you desire to remain big buddies with someone, discourage him or her from becoming a giant superstar who simply can't find time any more for the little folks he or she ran around with 'way back when. Either that or suggest to him or her that the two of you form a duet.

Among all my former pals who've since become favorites of millions both here and abroad, only Bev Bevan (drummer of the Electric Light Orchestra), Black Oak Arkansas, and Bob Dylan still send me Xmas cards. Think about it. It could happen to you. □





Little Feat embody the very best tendencies inherent in third generation pure synthesis...

“LITTLE FEAT COME OUT INTO THE OPEN”

by Jean-Charles Costa

Little Feat, the southwest born, L.A. bred, ultra-funk musical unit were just passin' through New York. Lowell

George, lead singer / slide guitarist supreme / producer, was upstairs in his room ... prone. Resting his weary vocal

chords for an imminent re-recording of the fast rising hit single “Rock and Roll Doctor” for international distribution

etc. etc. Bill Payne, lead singer / keyboards / original member, braved the up-tempo NY crowd at the bar downstairs to answer a few questions and help flesh out the vaguely-defined collective persona of the Feats.

Direct lineal descendants of the Rolling Stones, Little Feat embody the very best tendencies inherent in third generation pure synthesis (country, rock n roll, blues, r&b) music with heavy "root" overtones. They excel at complex and sophisticated melody / rhythm counterpoint within seemingly simple and conventional song structure. They'll be chugging along on a straight I - IV - V when suddenly — splat — Bill Payne will throw in some "space" chords giving the whole arrangement a different dimension. Meanwhile Lowell with his greasy-dirt vocals keening around wry, understated lyrics, that sweet slide guitar floating above, rounding off each phrase with a perfect touch. Little Feat in action.

It all started with Lowell George of course, back at Hollywood High ... in the sixties. Having conquered the guitar and flute by age eighteen, he spent a lot of time in local coffee houses listening to then - burgeoning groups like the Byrds with the uncommon dedication and zeal that has always been his trademark. He soon graduated into the obligatory session work stage (Nilsson, Carly Simon, Delaney Bramlett), went on to fill in as lead singer for the Standells (briefly), and gained experience recording and touring with the Mothers.

Moving along. Still in L.A., Lowell gets together with Richard Hayward (former drummer for Fraternity of Man), Bill Payne (keyboard whiz from Santa Barbara), and Roy Estrada (former bass player in the Mothers) to bring Little Feat into being. They release *Little Feat* in

1971, a "chef-d'oeuvre" right off the bat! Stark, country rock / funk masterpieces like "Strawberry Flats" with Lowell's "modern", propulsive slide guitar and Bill Payne's richly textured keyboards pushing things along at the proper raw-edge energy level. 'Classic' odes to the road like "Willin'" and "Truck Stop Girl" that would later boast covers by the likes of Seatrain, Linda Ronstadt, the Byrds, and Commander Cody. Since, during the recording of the first album, Lowell suffered propeller damage to his fingers — playing around with model planes — Ry Cooder was brought in to add his inimitable "in the tradition" bottle-neck to the proceedings. Complete success with the critics. Not so at the box office. A pattern establishes itself.

By the time the Feat's second lp, *Sailin' Shoes*, came out people like Mick Jagger were beginning to notice. Released early in 1972, the album got a lot of great reviews ... again. This time around, there were shattering original tunes like "Cold, Cold, Cold" and "Teenage Nervous Breakdown", commentary "A Apolitical Blues", and atmosphere — "Texas Rose Cafe". At this point, the band began to fragment somewhat under the ongoing strain of private adoration / mass public indifference. Roy Estrada left to join Captain Beefheart and Lowell got involved with producing Tret Furo, Bonnie Raitt, and the GTO's. Rumors were rife about dissension, break-up, and splinter-groups, but somehow Little Feat continued to stick together. Lowell produced the next Feat lp, *Dixie Chicken* which featured more of the same funk eloquence, only this time augmented by the new band members: Kenny Gradney on bass, Paul Barrere on guitars and vocals, and Sam Clayton (Merry's brother) on congas. With this dynamic, reinforced rhythm section, and a gifted guitarist who

offered a more sophisticated, single-note style to play off Lowell's oblique slide, the group's forward momentum could scarcely be contained.

Except for the fact that everyone was convinced that the group had broken up again after the third album. This time for good. Bill Payne was playing with the Doobie Brothers on the road and in the studio (still does for that matter) and Lowell was involved with a number of recording projects that had nothing to do with the Feat. Just to prove everybody wrong ... again, they gathered together at the not too well-known Blue Seas recording studio in Hunts Valley, Maryland, emerging with their most coherent, perfectly integrated and yes ... commercial album to date *Feats Don't Fail Me Now*. Emmylou Harris, Bonnie Raitt, and Fran Tate sang backing vocals and Van Dyke Parks (credited as tail gunner) helped out. From the first tracks, the hit single "Rock & Roll Doctor" with its lazy and compelling principal riff, right on through to the breathtaking reprise of "Cold Cold Tripe Face Boogie" shot through with instrumental pyrotechnics of the first order, this album seems to condense it all, crystallize, melt each note down to its purest Little Feat essence. The accessibility mentioned earlier does not come at the price of good taste. The craftsmanship that pervades every level of this album is simply phenomenal, with George getting a large share of the credit for his immaculate production.

So the band's gonna make it big now. Let's just say that all indications point that way. Chart lp and single, sold out "stompin' in the aisles" live gigs, and the very real possibility of playing on some dates with the Rolling Stones on their upcoming tour this summer. The pattern is broken. Go get 'em Feat. □



...embodies?

WHY I LIVE IN AMERICA

The Passion And The Pain (And Elephants)

by Roy Hollingworth.

Oh, they ask. They ask every day. Continual questioning; the American interrogation. Why should a tame, country boy from the Shires of England build his castle in The Bronx, New York City? Why?

There are no elephants here, except for those poor flabby relics in The Bronx Zoo; the Colony is 200 years lost; the skeletons of Redcoats lie beneath burnt out chevies, or are embalmed in parking lot concrete. So.

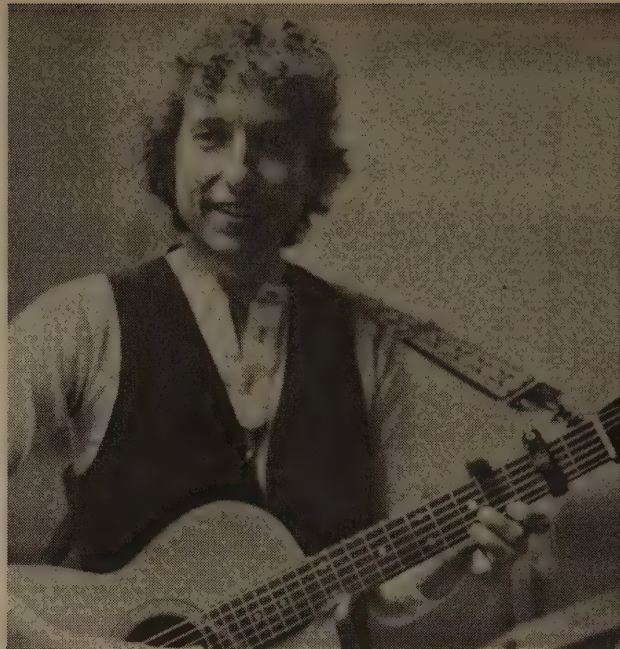
I lie in no sun-drenched villa on the West Coast. No. I lie in a heat and grime drenched two-room apartment on Barnes Avenue, The Bronx, where there are no elephants. If there were elephants here, there would be a reason for being here. If I had elephants, then I could shoot them, and be very English-I could maybe even pop a tiger or two before breakfast, and sip gin beneath the juniper trees. If there were elephants I would indeed shoot them, and write very long, and splendid novels in the sunshine, and become very famous. But, again, there are no elephants. What brought me to Non-

elephantisedbronxland - which is the real name for America? I'll tell you.

WHY I CAME TO NONELEPHANTISEDBRONX- LAND

It was rock and roll of course. That foul business of loud music, drugs and passion and pain, and double-albums, and treble albums, and four foot tall guitarists in six foot tall boots. All of which I love, albeit from afar these days. Rock and roll brought me to America. I shall forgive it. Fate, disguised as rock and roll, is indeed a foxy lady; or maybe America was really my field of elephants. Rock and roll was certainly my jungle.

The first time I ever came to America was when I was parcelled off to Detroit, Michigan, aboard a Pan-American 707 loaded with monkeys, apes, and the odd stewardess. I was not carrying my elephant gun. If I ever go to Detroit, I shall indeed take my elephant gun. Christ! I've just remembered that dear



Bob Dylan, mentioned in the same breath.

Lisa wanted me to mention some rock and roll "artistes" so she can scurry off and sort some pictures out to go with this rubbish. Okay: Waylon Jennings, The Rolling Stones, Pink Floyd, Status Quo, and The Ozark Mountain Daredevils who I caught last week at The Bottom Line, Greenwich Village (go and see them). Okay Lisa, I'll continue with the rubbish now.

Now the first thing I noticed about America was it's colour. It was different. They even spelt the word "colour" differently. As you know, you spell it "color". This is because your colour in America is very different, and therefore it has to be spelt differently. America struck me as being a semi-gloss violet; England is a pastel green; France is yellow emulsion with two primer coats. That's why Frenchmen are cowards. But that's another story.

So America, or Nonelephantised-bronxland, is a semi-gloss violet. And will remain so.

So on arriving in Detroit I was met by no elephants, a semi-gloss violet, and this strange smell. The smell was a mixture of gasoline and armpits. I was also met by Donald Gallagher, brother of Rory Gallagher, the famous Irish guitarist, who was playing in Detroit that very evening. Donald and myself drove into mid-town Detroit where I was amazed by the variety of sounds. America was music to my ears. Detroit was "Concerto for Fire-Truck, Cop Car and Ambulance", and when we made down-town Detroit we caught this whole concert in full quadrophonic.

I thought "How nice for all the cop cars and fire-trucks and ambulances to parade around like this". It was only later that I learned that they weren't parading, but doing their darned best to keep the city from burning down, or shot to pieces. It was then that fear set in. Fear is a dreadful ailment, especially in a Holiday Inn in



Pink Floyd, among the mentioned

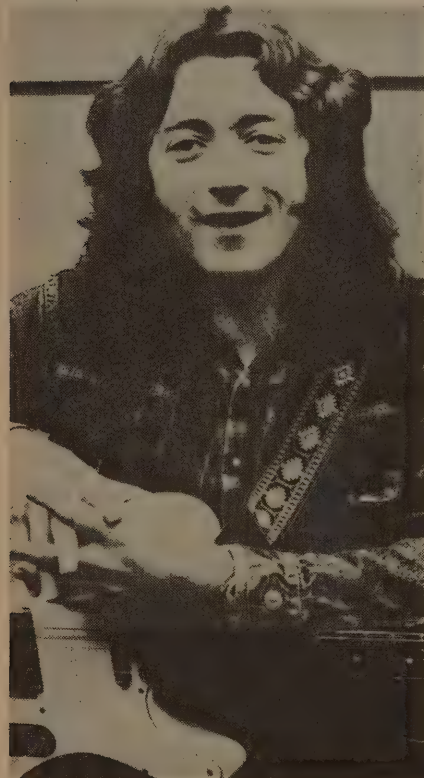
Detroit. After the concert that night I bought two six packs of beer, locked my door; pushed a set of drawers against that locked door; watched television all night and caught the first plane back to London in the morning. My first taste of America had been precisely 16 hours in Detroit, during which time seven persons had been shot.

On my epitaph it shall be carved:

"Roy Hollingworth: 16 hours in Detroit, R.I.P."

England was rosy and cheerful when I returned, and I vowed that I should never return to the States. But fate was to prove a tricky opponent to deal with.

It came to pass - as it always does, that my boss had these enormously splendid ideas about opening an American bureau for the paper I was working for. When he



Rory Gallagher, the famous Irish guitarist.

made this grand announcement, I figured that I would be the very last one on the staff to be considered for the position. I mean, I was a drunkard, I spat at record company executives, threw meat pies at receptions, and had a loathing that verged on detest for Americans.

I could sniff out a Yankee from 100 yards - gasoline and armpits. I avoided them as I would the Black Plague. Oh, Americans had muscles too. Seemed to be some sort of achievement to form these ridiculously obscene bulges. Each to his own. Gorillas have muscles. My old gym master had muscles too. He also had an obsession for running between points A and B as fast he could, and when he was finished he would stand proudly in front of us, lecturing on fitness. And then he would scratch his ass, because he had crabs. Ha! I had one good muscle and no

crabs. Gene Pitney.

Now Gene Pitney was a fine American. He was the first Yankee I got to know, and like immensely. Did you know that Gene Pitney was also one of the first Yankees to be loved by The Stones? Yes readers, if you're a real record buff you REALLY should know that Gene played maracas on "Can I Get a Witness" on The Stones' very first album. Yes, I'm a mine of information. The Battle of Hastings was fought in 1066, and Robert Morley discovered America.

Now where did we get to. Ha, yes. Now my boss, in a fit of madness decided to send ME to the States. He gave me a month to think about it. I took two weeks holiday on The Scilly Isles - small islands off the coast of Cornwall, England. From the Scilly Islands you could see the Transatlantic jets going to and fro from



Gene Pitney, a fine American.

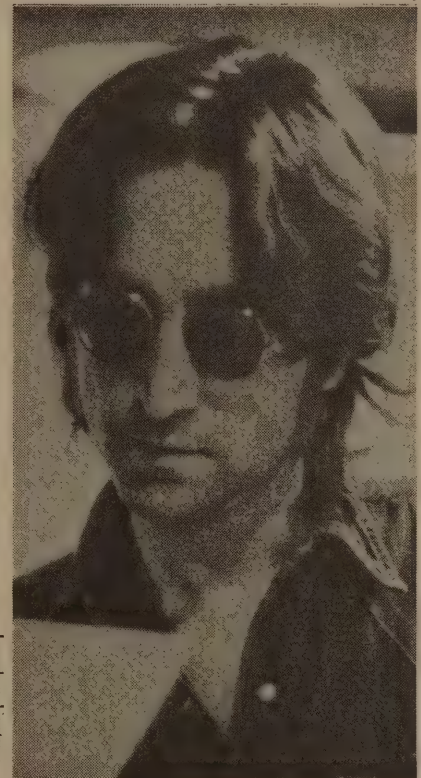
the States. I decided that THEY should make the decision for me.

From where I was sat in the bar the jets flying left to right were going to The States, and those flying right to left were coming back. My favourite number is 8, so I decided that I would count seven planes, and whichever way the eighth plane was going, I would go too. That meant either London or New York. The eighth fucking plane shot over left to right. I swallowed a whiskey straight.

They set me up in this chummy little place on East 56th Street with Sutton. Four-Forty East 56 to be precise. There were lots of doormen and poodles and wicked old widows with oodles of cash. The apartment also had a huge plant, which I watered constantly until someone pointed out that it was plastic. Madness

began to set in. I started wearing odd socks, buying a fifth of tequila a day, and writing absurd concert reviews. I also started to hang around the Village with Dave Van Ronk, who I loved enormously. He told wonderful stories. After six Irish whiskeys he could run circles around Henry Miller. Everyone should run circles around Henry Miller. Henry would love it. Don't run circles around Dave Van Ronk. He would fall over.

I remember one evening with Van Ronk. We were busily attacking a bottle of Jameson's Irish, and Van Ronk lapsed into a tale about the early Village days, when he had top billing over Dylan at the Gaslight. Dylan, he sd, hadn't been born, he'd been built, and THAT motor cycle accident was NO motor cycle accident - Bob, he sd, had been recalled to have the bolt in his neck re-adjusted. I fell off my



John Lennon is good too.

stool. The man is hilarious.

Van Ronk is a fine American.

Anyway, with the confidence of finding someone like Van Ronk, I set out to find more lovely Americans. Indeed it was not hard, and now I will come to the meat of the tale - so to speak.

It was a balmy day sometime in July I feel. I finished typing rubbish at my cell on 56th Street, and having nothing to do, decided to gatecrash a reception for Roberta Flack at some absurd New York place, where they hold absurd receptions for the absurd. Absurdity.

One night I tipped my doorman ten dollars for opening the cab door. He asked me if I was made of money. I replied "yes" - being drunk and ready for a chat. I stood upright as an oak before his squat frame and announced that each

(continued on page 52)

SADISTIC MIKA BAND

by Jonh Ingham

Two years ago, at the time of *For Your Pleasure*, I attended an out of town Roxy gig. Along for the ride was Kazuhiko and Mika Katoh, husband and wife leaders of Sadistic Mika Band, Japan's first heavy rock band. Kazuhiko was also reputed to be one of Japan's biggest stars; that he was in London primarily to buy a Rolls Royce (now one of Japan's six) seemed to back up the claim. On that occasion Kazuhiko looked like Everystar: henna hair, pop star jacket from City Lights, some satin here, lurex there. Kazuhiko and his group were among the first (if not only) Japanese to pick up on Roxy Music and David Bowie. They thought the gig was fabulous.

A few months later, some copies of their first lp arrived in England. Encasing this bizarre platter of raucous, energetic, infectious rock was a cover showing the band posing in a sand pit, a tacky desert island - cum - sunset behind them — apparently the living room of one of Kazuhiko's friends. The band were dressed in white ducks and chinos and tropical shirts; Mika looked a wacky cross between Carmen Miranda and a Brazilian travel poster — not exactly the Seven Samurai. Knocked out by its originality, Harvest Records signed them to English release.

Today, Kazuhiko wears an immaculate — probably bespoke — pin stripe suit, a tie with a hint of Forties, suede/leather shoes from Browns, lurex socks the merest hint of something a bit outre in his chosen profession. One feels that perhaps one should be discussing the latest Trinitron import figures or transistor production.

"We're crazy about clothes," explains Kazuhiko, laughing at the transposition. "We used to come to England just to buy clothes or see clothes. I think the whole gritter thing is very old fashioned, but on stage it is very important. I am very tired of wearing strange clothes. I am very conservative."

Kazuhiko's career reads like everybody's rock fantasy. Having heard "Bob Dylan" on the radio while in high school and becoming "very interested in his way of singing," he bought a guitar and started listening to a lot of folk music. While studying economics at university he formed a group with two other friends called the Folk Crusaders, going professional after graduation, dissolving after a



Conservative and yet a little different.

year. In that time they had four hit albums and three hit singles, one of which sold over two million copies — it is still Japan's biggest selling single. Kazuhiko subsequently went solo, but becoming bored with acoustic music, began thinking about an electric rock band. In early 1972 Sadistic Mika Band was formed.

There was no other Japanese band like it. Finding musicians was hard — "There are a lot of studio musicians, but not actual musicians" — the final line up was composed of friends and friends of friends. Getting Japanese kids to accept the band was harder, since they were interested primarily in Kazuhiko and indigenous rock was unknown, and for the same reasons he had a real fight with his record company. In a country where one leaves university straight for a company where he remains all his life, and positions of power are held by old people, no record head understood rock or what Kazuhiko was trying to do. They thought him crazy to turn his back on success and



an established career to satisfy a silly whim.

But this was more of a holy mission. "A lot of foreign group — English group and American group — came over to Japan, so the kids listening to all foreign rock music. They never get a chance to hear Japanese rock music."

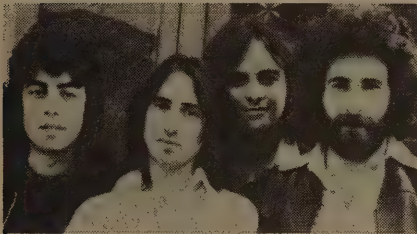
With Japanese charts dominated by traditional folk and MOR music, and American and English rock music competing purely in its own chart, the Sadistics had their work cut out. The first single and album sold encouragingly, and from the trip of two years ago they hired Chris Thomas to produce *Black Ship*, their second album, just released in Britain and due soon in the US. A single from it, "Time Machine", did well, though hardly a hit. More important, though it established them in a vanguard: in the year end polls of Japanese *Rolling Stone* the album and single both placed first in their respective categories. Kazuhiko was voted third Man of the Year.

All this is not lost on the more inspired of Japanese youth. "Our audience nearly all boys between fifteen and twenty-five." There are approximately five bands in the Sadistics' wake, but most are pale copies of Occidental imports. On the other hand, there is Rouge, a group of seventeen year olds well into the New York Dolls. They are being produced by Kazuhiko.

Black Ship shows the Sadistics to be expanding into a band of considerable force, and a promo film of a live gig exposes a real powerhouse, especially, Mika, whirling around in a black leather Suzie Wong outfit, spitting out lyrics in a combination of Japanese and English. As soon as they acquire English speaking management they will be setting their sights on America and England. You have been warned. Miss at your peril. □

10cc AND READY TO ROAR

by Jonh Ingham



Five years ago one of the most mindless, repetitious, quintessential singles thumped up the world record charts in double-quick time. It was called 'Neanderthal Man'. The group was Hotlegs. Today, that same group is the darling of Britain. They're called 10cc.

The group's debut revolves around Strawberry Studios in Manchester. Eric Stewart had just left the Mindbenders and was building it with top songwriter Graham Gouldman ('For Your Love', 'Heart Full Of Soul', a slew of Herman's Hermits). Hanging out were local art students Lol Creme and Kevin Godley. In the course of experimenting and testing the studio they layed down a series of drum tracks, with vocals coming through on the bass drum mike — a bit of a mess all round. Dick Leahy, a singles genius, was checking out the studio, they played him the tape as a joke, and he told them they had a smash hit. That was 'Neanderthal Man'.

"After the record was Number Two we were a bit big headed," muses drummer Kevin Godley. "We thought, 'We're stars now, let's piss off to Barbados for six months.' Really mature people we were."

Upon return they made an album of what "we thought was good music" and toured with the Moody Blues, but things didn't gell, so they retired to Strawberry where for three years they produced and played for other people. It culminated with Neil Sedaka — their manager had met him in America, played him some tapes, and Neil visited the studio initially to do some demos, but liked the sound so much he stayed on for two albums.

"By this time we were getting cheesed off putting our ideas into other people's music, so we decided to start our own production unit making our own records. We did a nice track called 'Today' which didn't do anything, then a track called 'Waterfall'. A B-side had to be written, so we wrote 'Donna', recorded it, and realized it was a damn sight more commercial. Eric had an idea at the time to approach Jonathan King, and he liked the record."

Jonathan King, a millionaire from releasing silly singles, had supposedly chanced upon the name 10cc in a dream.

Rumour also has it he based the name on the supposed fact that normal sperm emission measures 9cc; i.e. 10cc was superman material. Whichever you prefer, King signed them to his UK label and 'Donna', a ridiculous pastiche of Fifties unrequited love ballads, soon zoomed into the Top Ten. The follow up was a flop, but the third, 'Rubber Bullets', lodged them as a favourite in the hearts of all those who like their rock humorous, witty, precise, pointed, and with a backbeat you can't lose. The first album merely confirmed these feelings.

"We had to do 10cc in about three weeks, so we all came into the studio and wrote our balls off; whatever came into our heads. Although, obviously, there's thought to the songs, we didn't stop to analyze it, and when it was finished we all split on holidays, came back and listened to it and it had an identity, which was something we'd never had before. Obviously, we became conscious of it after that and became very thoughtful about the songs from then on."

It was the second album that confirmed 10cc as a major talent. *Sheet Music* was two sides of the things that made 'Rubber Bullets' fantastic; a never ending stream of brilliance, probably due to breaking from their previous songwriting pairs of Kevin and Lol, Graham and Eric, to try new combinations.

"It was a bit scary at first; we did it to see what would happen ... Writing has a lot to do with rapport, and if you've never written with anyone before it's a weird experience, but two good songs came out of it and we continued. In the future we might have two of us start a song and then pass it on to the others, like a chain."

"We've each got different musical tastes; if one of us has an idea for a special song he'll know in his own mind which of the other guys will be the one to write it with. If it's going to be a rock song, the best person to write it with is Eric, whereas if I want to do something a bit more complex I usually work with Lol. We don't really draw from experience, because we haven't really led very colourful lives. We get a lot of inspiration from films ... media. Read an article in a newspaper, or a documentary on tv. We try to look for interesting subjects; we find it difficult to write personal songs because two people writing together, it's difficult to write a personal song unless they're talking about the same person."

Thus, an album about hijacks, Arab oil barons, touristas, and the old wild men of rock and roll.

Also highly notable was the introduction of the Gizmo. All four are multi-instrumentalists, and there was a desire amongst them to have an orchestra at home, to try out arrangements and so forth. The Gizmo is the result, sitting just over the bridge of a guitar, rubbing the strings when you twiddle some knobs, sounding like a cross between a string section and a mellotron.

"The Gizmo is interesting because up to that time all our other outside projects had been art projects but this is like — well, mechanics is anathema to us, but

once we had something to apply it to, it was really interesting to be working in wheels and ratios.

"We were doing a session one night and we strapped Lol's Stratoaster to the wall and got an electric drill with a big rubber knob on the end and ploughed into the strings. From there we graduated to an electric toothbrush with a plectrum at somebody's party one night. Then it was elastic bands and electric motors until — *click* — that's the way to do it. We now have a prototype, which Lol has been using in concert."

At your neighbourhood music emporium soon.

It wasn't until this year, though, that 10cc, renaissance band, really hit the big time. They had reluctantly toured last year, including two tours of America, but wanted to recreate their records live before feeling comfortable in front of an audience. *The Original Soundtrack* was recorded, and with it came a label change, to Phonogram. When the album was released they hit the road with a vengeance, reproducing their immaculate record production exactly. It wasn't long before single and album hit the charts' stratosphere.

"'One Night In Paris' came from a desire to get away from writing about America ... let's write about something else. Originally it was to take up one side of an lp, but there was a lot of padding, so we cut it down to the good parts. It was like our tribute to George Gershwin in his centenary year."

"'I'm Not In Love' has 256 voices for the backing track. It was an experiment; it would be interesting to see if it worked. It was a series of tape loops, rerecorded, dubbed, overdubbed, tracked ... We played them like instruments through the board. It was quite technical and we had to get it right the first time because we had to mix them all down to two tracks to get the other stuff on the tape."

This mood of experimentation is something they would like to pursue more often, but Strawberry Studios is a thriving business, and they have to book ahead like anyone else. They are now thinking of building another studio solely for themselves.

But what of their next trip to America? That will only come, says Kevin, when they have a hit.

"It's crucial we make it in America. If you want to make it as a world group as opposed to a quite popular band in England, you have to make it in America, and I'm sure we will sooner or later. But we have a problem in that the two tours we have done, not being headliners, we had to do it in 45 minutes. Our music is so varied it's difficult to get into it in 45 minutes. So on the gig front I don't think we've got through to people yet. We'll have to break our records first and then do a tour with the lights and everything."

His eyes twitch yet again. The previous evening's end-of-the-tour party had featured a pie and soda siphon fight. Kevin had gone to bed at six. It was now twelve. His eyes twitched again of their own accord. The price of success. □

HAVE YOU HEARD THIS ABOUT ELTON JOHN?

by Joseph Rose

Have you heard the rumor about Elton John hiring a piano player? How about the one that he's switching to guitar?

You'll hear a lot of wild tales being spread about Elton after the recent changes in his band. Leaving him were two members who have been with him since the beginning, drummer Nigel Olsson and bassist Dee Murray. Joining were guitarists Jeff (Skunk) Baxter, formerly of Steely Dan and the Doobie Brothers, and Caleb Quaye, formerly of Hookfoot and the Bill Quateman Band; bassist Kenny Passarelli from Barnstorm and drummer Roger Pope from Hookfoot and the Kiki Dee Band.

No wonder the rumors are flying. But the two mentioned above happened to have been started by Elton John himself.

"I just enjoy singing more now," he says, stretching his legs out from the hotel room couch. "You know, I don't get up so much from the piano anymore. I wouldn't mind just getting someone else to play piano and me just sing. I really enjoy singing.

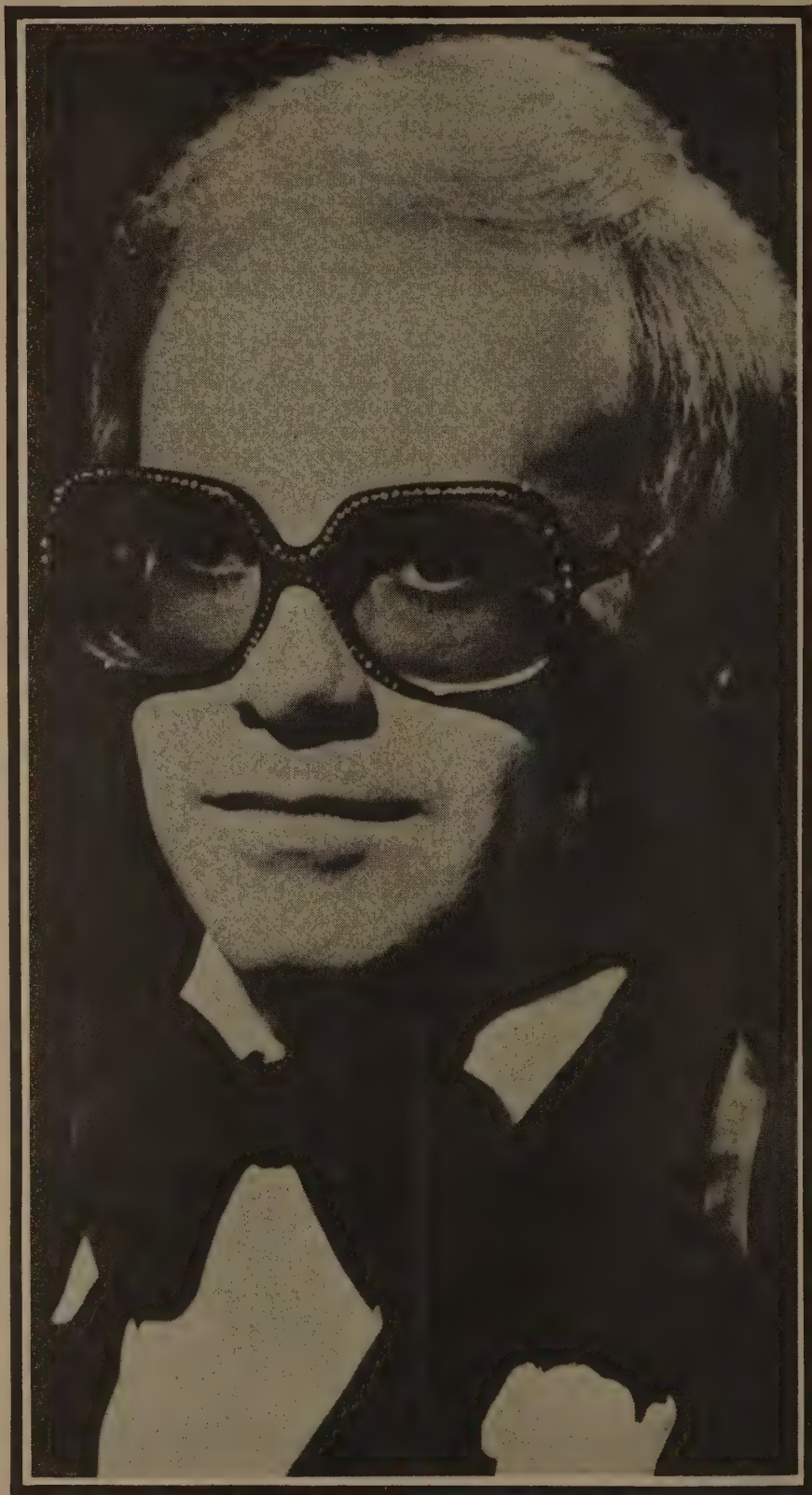
"Because I never used to sing. I mean, I was just a raw beginner when I came to make records, as far as singing goes. And when I listen to, say, 'Levon,' Jesus, it's just awful! And so I'm just trying to use the voice a little bit more. I'd rather just sit down and sing."

Has he been taking any singing lessons? we ask.

"Nah. Just singing more and more and writing harder songs. I try and write songs with big arrangements and ones that need more voice control. There's about three or four really hard songs to sing on the new album. There's one called 'Someone Saved My Life Tonight' which has a tremendous range. It starts off really low and goes up very high, and you have to hold the notes for a long time.

"I've been influenced by a lot of people — like Joni Mitchell — the way they use their voices like instruments. Carl Wilson of the Beach Boys and people like that. I'm very influenced by Carl Wilson. I think as far as singing goes he's got such a great voice. It's just a matter of practicing and singing more. I sing every day, more or less, even if it's just to someone's records. And I'm enjoying singing more than playing, really.

"I'm enjoying writing." Elton pauses to think. "But I enjoy singing really a lot. But I don't think I could have the courage to stand up in front of a microphone and sing. I would feel a little funny standing up there. I did it once on a TV program in England. I was actually standing up



Sincerity in black and white.



singing 'Saturday Night's Alright for Fighting,' and it just didn't make it."

Perhaps that's because you've developed your singing style while sitting at the keyboard all these years, we suggest.

"Well, I sort of do feel really comfortable sitting at the piano and singing. But it's such a drag. It's such a trap, that piano. You know, you feel as if you're glued there. And I enjoy playing, but it's just sometimes I really wish I played the guitar. And I'm seriously thinking of really trying to play the guitar and playing it quite well. I mean, even if it's just rhythm.

"Because you're still playing something, but it allows you so much more freedom than being stuck behind something. It's like being stuck behind a bloody theater organ. I've already learned quite a few chords on the guitar, so maybe I'll practice secretly and come out and play a solo. That would blow everybody's mind, ha, ha, ha.

"As far as writing goes, you can always tell people who write songs on guitars and people who write songs on piano, because ... the tunings that you can get on a guitar are so good. And piano — you're just more or less stuck with various chord combinations. But on a guitar you can get some really different things going."

Some guitarists feel just the opposite, we point out. They wish they could write on the piano.

"Well, I mean, I can tell a Joni Mitchell song she's written on the piano, and I can tell one she's written on the guitar. And I think she prefers writing on the piano, actually, but I like her guitar songs, too. It's just the more instruments you play, obviously the better it is for you.

"And I've been very lazy, although I haven't had much time. I should have learned to play another instrument by now. Because, I mean, I'm pretty adept at figuring things out. So I'm gonna really have to, now that we've got more time. We're not rushing around like lunatics anymore. So I really would like to play the guitar. Except my hands are so small. Davey's (Johnstone) hands are so big, and, like, Billy Preston's fingers are about six times as big as mine."

Aren't small hands disadvantageous in piano playing, too, reaching octaves and that sort of thing? Have you seen Arthur Rubinstein's hands, for instance, with those long fingers?

"But have you seen Oscar Peterson's hands?" asks Elton.

"Jesus! That really makes me upset. How can anyone have such stubby little fingers and play so well? Anyhow, I've just got this burning ambition to play the guitar. Who knows?"

Another diversification in Elton's future might be acting in films. "I'm sort of mulling over scripts at the moment," he says. "I'm very fussy and picky. I enjoyed doing the thing in 'Tommy,' which was really only a cameo. Four days it took, but it got me used to filming, getting up at 5:30 in the morning.

"What I'd really love to do is a TV special that's a decent TV special, one



Fantastic and the Brown Dirt Cowboy" would certainly lend itself to a theme production. "I don't think it will be a special stage show. We'll just sit down and play as usual." This isn't to say that there won't be some changes on Elton's next American tour. He explains that the last tour marked a kind of musical endpoint for one phase of his career, and there will be changes ahead.

"We decided to do some numbers for the last time. We didn't add any new material even though we were dying to play it. We decided not to because it would be so long between it and 'Captain Fantastic' coming out.

"We did two concerts in England in the past year where we did the whole show, both halves. And we wrote down all the songs that we played onstage since 1970, when we first came over, and we did the set like starting with 'Empty Sky,' with the three of us, then bringing Davey on for 'Madman' and then bringing Ray on. And it all sort of built up like that.

"Anyway, we wrote down all the numbers, and we'd played 105 different numbers onstage since then. I said, 'God, we did 'Rotten Peaches' onstage, man.' They said, 'Yeah, I remember doing that.' But I couldn't remember the words, the chords or anything. So we sat down and rehearsed more or less all of them and chose the best ones. And we chose some really out - of - the - way ones to do —

Neal Preston



Elton's "mix and match" outfit is just divine.

without any breaks in it. I mean, you can't get a good TV program in the States because it's just ruined all the time with commercial breaks. But in England it's easy because the BBC (British Broadcasting Corp.) is all right. It's not easy to get a program, but as far as showing a program, there's no adverts. And even on the independent commercial stations, you don't get *that* much advertising at all.

"So I'd really love to put a really good spectacular together. I mean one with just nonstop music. No chat, no rubbish, just like have the Ohio Players on, followed by Grand Central Station, followed by the Who, followed by me, and so on.

There used to be a program in England called 'Ready, Steady, Go,' which was live. And it was the worst sound and everything, but it was so exciting to watch, because you knew it was happening as you were watching. I'd really like to try and get some of that kind of excitement going. TV has been so unexploited, as far as rock and roll goes.

"We've had talks. In fact, in England last Christmas Eve we did a live show on

British TV from the Hammersmith Odeon, which is the first time that's ever been done — live from an actual gig on British television. It's a step in the right direction, because even some of those late rock TV shows here are mimed. And then they're cut up wrong, too."

Although Elton has special plans for films and television, he doesn't plan to change the basic nature of his concert performances. Not for him the elaborate props and effects of Yes or Emerson, Lake & Palmer, even though "Captain

things like 'Holiday Inn' and 'Razor Face.' It was great fun.

"So on the last tour we decided to just sort of put a couple of the older ones in, because it was nice to do them, because Davey never used to play them. And just do like 'Honkey Cat' for the last time, hopefully, 'Crocodile Rock' for the last time, and things like that. Because the greatest hits album came out at the same time, and it was like a greatest hits tour. Next time I think it's time to start producing different sorts of numbers. Especially

with the scope that we've got within the band now.

"I don't particularly want to play 'Rocket Man' and all that. I know people want to hear them, but you have to sort of say, 'That's enough.' That tour was, more or less, the 'that's - enough' tour. You know, you just can't go around playing your hits forever. Otherwise it gets a bit boring. I enjoy playing, but sometimes it gets to the point where you do want to try something a little different."

The next tour might also see Elton's fantastically outrageous costumes toned down a bit. "I don't think the costumes will get any more bizarre than they are now," he says. "The last tour was the flashiest we've ever done. The stage looked nice. It looked as if the kids were getting something for their money. You know, they were paying eight dollars fifty, which I think is really expensive anyway. At least they were seeing a good stage and weren't having to pay \$10 to see it, which some acts are charging. I was a bit upset. I'd rather have kept the price down to \$7.50."

"But we were trying to give them something for their money. It was the flashiest tour and the biggest one we'd ever done, and I don't think the costumes will get any more outrageous than they were. I don't particularly want them to. I think this next year you'll see a bit of a change going on. I'm pinning a lot of hope on the album changing a lot of things for us, doing all the work for us. As I said, you won't be hearing 'Crocodile Rock' much longer, or 'Honkey Cat' and things like that. It's the end of an era. The 'Yellow Brick Road' album really represented the end of an era. It was a sort of culmination of everything that I'd ever done on record put onto a double album. And I think 'Captain Fantastic' will be sort of, hopefully, the one to sort of change the path a little bit."

Even before "Captain Fantastic and the Brown Dirt Cowboy," Elton had changed his path for a short trip to Philly soul with his hit "Philadelphia Freedom." Why did he go in this direction? we ask.

"Well, for a start, black music has always been my favorite sort of music. I always played black music when I was even in a semiprofessional band. We were playing Jimmy Witherspoon numbers and Muddy Waters and then Otis Redding and Joe Tex. So it's something that I've always wanted to sort of try on record."

"It's like 'Crocodile Rock,' really. You sort of go in there and try and re-create a sound. And you're only really playing at it, because you can't really re-create that old sound. 'Philadelphia Freedom' is really written as a tribute to the music that's come out of Philadelphia, and also the tennis team of Philadelphia, which Billie Jean King is the coach of. But I

mean, there's no way I can sound like the O'Jays, because you can't really have a substitute. They're the real thing, and I'm not. It was just meant as a sincere tribute because I've had so much enjoyment out of all that sort of music. And it was a challenge, too, because I had to sort of sing it right down here (he points to his chest).

"You just have to sort of try and write better things all the time. Some things work, some things don't. It's just that you're always looking for that eternal high in the studio or on the stage. They're two different things. In the studio, it's far more tense than on stage. On stage it tends to be very loose, and you never know what's going to happen. But in the studio, you just jump around if you hit something that you think is fantastic. You play it back 10 or 12 times straight away because you are just getting this rush all the time. But after a while, it wears off, so you just look for something else that'll give you that feeling. It's very hard to put into words."

Not really, Elton. Your words could be the words of a drug addict, hooked on a death trip. You sound hooked, too, but on music and life. And when you reach that eternal high, it should be the hit record of all time. □



Elton hums his new album as he displays the cover to the N.Y. press.

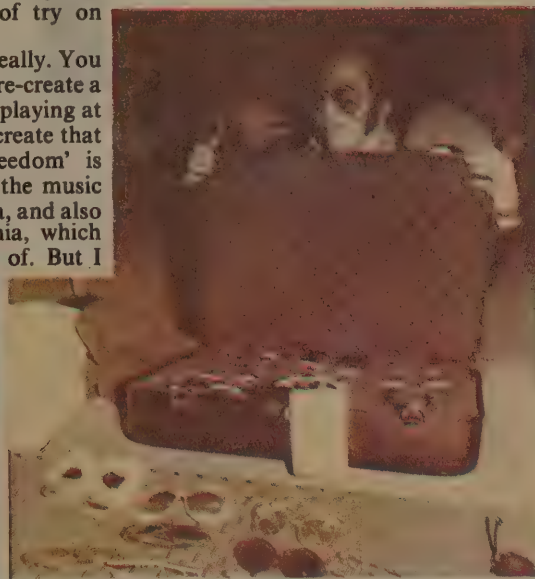


Neal Preston



Elton in a winter wonderland.

Kate Simon



Joseph Stevens

We know people who keep strange things in their closets, but a suitcase full of sunglasses, Never!



Lee Black Children



THE HIT PARADER INTERVIEW

by Joseph Rose

PAUL RODGERS

**"If You Play From The Heart,
It's Bound To Reach The Heart"**

It was after midnight, but Paul Rodgers wasn't letting it all hang out. He was catching his wind after an exhausting concert in a small Florida town, where 8,000 screaming fans of Bad Company had gathered from miles around to see him and his colleagues wear themselves out playing hard, soulful rock and roll.

Now, after an hour and a half traveling by charter plane and limousine, he was back in his Miami Beach hotel room, taking a break before deciding what to do next. Later he might go downstairs and watch Wayne Cochran and his C.C. Riders tear up "Can't Get Enough" in their lounge act. Or he might terrorize the streets of Miami in his rented motorcycle. But for the moment, he was relatively at ease, stretched out on his bed and eager to answer an interviewer's questions. So we started in:

HP: Back before you began to sing lead vocals, you were a bass player. What put singing in your mind? Did you start off doing background and harmony?

Paul: Actually, I'm a useless harmonizer. I'm terrible. Everybody has to work out the harmonies on me. I hit notes that I just want to hit at the time, and they've got to work around that. I can't do it when they say, 'This is your harmony.' I can never remember it. I go way out of tune and everything. I just have to sing it the way I feel it right then. It's pretty selfish, but it's the way I've got to do it. I suppose my style is developed to that extent where I can't really do anything but what I really want to feel: just how that word should be sung at the time.

HP: How did this style develop?

Paul: Well, I just used to copy whoever had made the song. Say it was Sam and Dave — I'd try and sing in the exact intonations that they sing. Or if it was Otis Redding, the exact intonation that he sings. And I learned a lot from doing that. I think it happens to anyone. I think at first you have an idol that you copy note for note. Then eventually you come up with your own ideas, and it takes you a step away from the influences that you had and were copying. It becomes your own — your own style.

HP: Does the band have a lot to do with it, too? With Free it seemed as though you were much more rigid in your style.

Paul: Yeah. It was rigid, not because of any particular person's dominance or anything, but because of the way, well, how can I say it, because of the way it was, really. You couldn't do everything that you wanted to do without blocking out someone else's chance of doing what they wanted to do. With this band now, we all work on bringing each other out of each other. It's pretty mature musically. And it's developing all the time. You've got to remember, really, that the group's only been together what? — a year and a half or two years. In that time, we've achieved a lot as far as success is concerned, as far as album sales and singles success is concerned, but we still really haven't opened up to the full extent that we can. I think it's still developing very much.

HP: When Bad Company performs live, it seems that your vocals are going off in





all sorts of directions, with almost unlimited freedom, and the rest of the band has to keep pace. Is that the way it works? **Paul:** Well, it's a set arrangement, but I never sing the same song exactly the same twice. I think the guys in the band never play the same thing twice either. Yeah, they do follow me, but we follow each other as well. It's not a question of them totally following me. But if I feel that it's like, dropping, in the excitement isn't enough, I might do something that will shock them.

HP: What made the difference in your singing approach from *Free to Bad Company*?

Paul: I was very much governed by the band in Free, whereas in Bad Company, they give me the chance to open up and follow me, rather than lead me in a certain direction. They're willing to follow, willing to back it up, because they believe in it. It's really a very satisfying thing to be able to do what I want to do and for them to follow it. But then it does work both ways. I'll follow them, too, you know.

HP: It's remarkable to me how at times you're improvising almost as freely as a jazz singer, and yet it's still basic rock and roll.

Paul: For anything like that to be a success there has to be a framework, there has to be an arrangement. And that's what we do: We make an arrangement where everyone knows exactly what he's gonna do. But that arrangement can still vary by a look or a nod, which will take it somewhere else. It's almost psychic. It's not as if it's necessarily rehearsed. You know, I might say something like, 'The end on that number, it goes into a thing which I could really do something like ummm a different song on.' And the others will say, 'Oh yeah, that's nice.' And I'll do it that same night. And they'll go, 'Oh fuck! He's doing it! Shit!' you know, and catch up with it, and it'll be really good. (A most mischievous smile crosses Paul's face.) But there has to be a framework for it to work properly. Otherwise it just meanders off into nothingness. There has to be a look or a signal that brings it to a climax, which is what we do.

HP: Was there anybody in particular who was an especially important influence in your vocal style?

Paul: Otis Redding was a big influence. I listened a lot to Stevie Wonder, too. I like black soul artists, and I like black blues

artists. Because the ones that are really good, like even Lee Dorsey, they seem to be genuine. They seem to really mean it. And I've always liked that — feeling in music. Like Otis Redding was so sincere. You couldn't help but love him, you know. Well I couldn't. And Muddy Waters, too, and Howlin' Wolf. To me there's a thin line between the best of soul and the best of blues. A very thin line, in fact almost nonexistent. See, like Aretha Franklin's soul and B.B. King's blues, but what is the difference, man. They both do 'The Thrill Is Gone.' What is it? It's just a feeling, you know, musical feeling.

HP: There are a lot of soul artists, however, who perform like clockwork machines.

Paul: Yeah. I know what you mean. Then it becomes cliché. But that isn't to say that they all are. You can say that for anything: rock music, like your typical rock and roll band. You know, we're not desperately original. It's just that we are ourselves. I think it was Mozart or one of those classical geezers who said if you play from the heart, it is bound to reach the heart. And that, to me, is what it's about, however you do it. It doesn't have to be like going to church. It doesn't have to be religious, but it can be spiritual, you know. It can be a spiritual uplift.

HP: Bad Company plays a simple kind of music, yet it's never boringly simple. How do you manage?

Paul: Well, the essence of simplicity, to me, is that the notes you don't play count as much as the notes you play. If everyone plays simply, the sum total is quite complicated. Because there's an exchange of beats and ideas, and it's a genuine, almost musical conversation. But like if you're in a room and everyone's talking at once, you can't hear. How can you follow everything that's going on? No way. It's

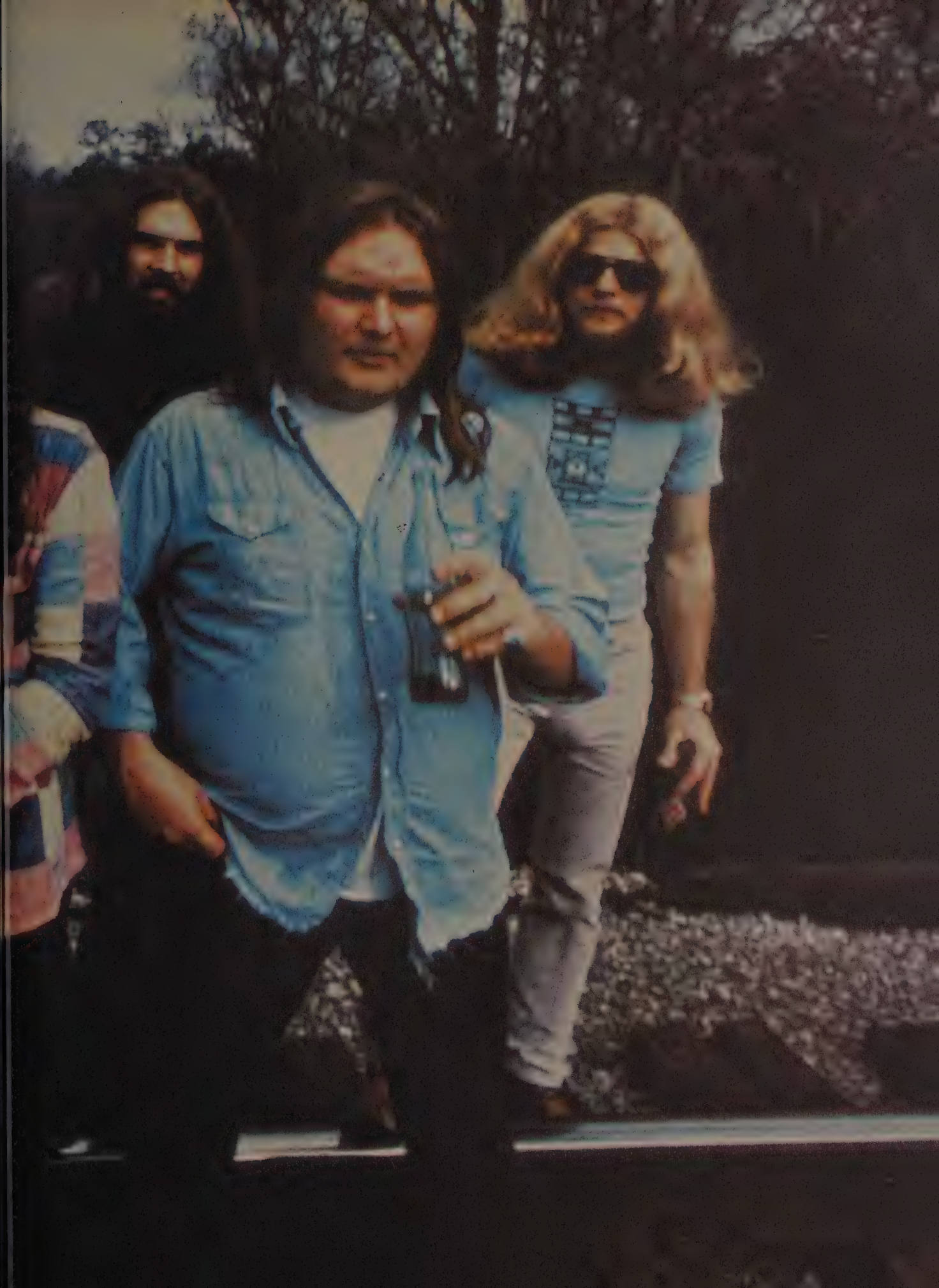
like a musical conversation where you don't block each other out. You play together and part and leave room for each other, I think. If you don't mean what you say, then it's all simple and so-what, you know. But if you mean what you say and then you communicate it in an uncomplicated manner, then people will understand it and will get into it. There's a difference between simplicity and being a complete bore. I mean, if you're going to be boring, then that's a different thing altogether, because, for me, simplicity means excitement, too.

HP: When you and Mick Ralphs were discussing forming a band, did you picture it as it eventually turned out?

Paul: I think the material we were writing suggested the kind of band we needed to play it. It was very simple funky stuff, but we were really getting off on it. And we felt that all we needed was like a straight, simple, powerful drummer and a bass player to match and we would have it right there, you know, a real good rhythm section, which we proceeded to go about finding. Well, Simon turned up almost immediately, and he was an obvious choice, really, because although he's a powerful drummer, he has a great deal of sensitivity, too. You can see that from the songs he writes when he's offstage. So he does add an important element. He's a reactive drummer. He reacts to the feeling, the emotion of the moment. He doesn't just sort of bash away like fuck. He's capable of hearing what's happening from everyone and responding to it. And Boz and him are a good combination. But they're still feeling each other out, you know. They're still finding out things about each other. You know, you suddenly hear the rhythm section kick you right up the ass, and you think, 'Jesus Christ, we're really doing it!' □







THE HOLLIES

It's Not Lack Of Image

by James Spina

It is quite fitting that my first non-Women's Wear Daily article should be a combo ambiance - interview - concert review on The Hollies. They are my favorite group. I had to get that one liner out of the way so you could realize the anticipation that preambled their short NY-LA tour following the release of "Another Night" (Epic).

Allow me some excerpts from my review of "Another Night" in WWD:

'It replaces "The Air That I Breathe" album as the daily mainstay on my turntable. Their enriching tradition of delicate harmonies and tight arrangements is constantly maintained while new areas of song are explored in some of the most subtle ways on record. "Another Night" is the finest example of musical poignancy, at once pleasing and depressing; desperate and yet motivated by the fear-thrill of defeat. Tony Hicks is a leader of a vanishing breed — the rock guitarist with enough self-confidence to avoid useless instrumental breaks... Lead singer Allan Clarke's pleading vocals twine through the lush background harmonies, effervescing and then dropping back at just the right moments.

'With a sound that crosses the boundaries of pop, rock and easy listening music, this group has outlasted most of their 60s contemporaries, weathered stunning solo efforts, scored constantly on the record charts and harmonized their way into the deepest confines of my psyche.'

Epic Records Queen publicist, Susan Blond, had no doubt that this reviewer wanted in to all four shows for The Hollies at New York's Bottom Line Cabaret. I also put in a nervous bid to interview Tony Hicks. Most of the rock-press wanted some time with lead singer Allan Clarke, recently reunited with The Hollies after pursuing an only moderately successful solo career of three albums. Or Terry Sylvester, a good-looking high-harmony singer / songwriter recruited from the Escorts to replace Graham Nash about four years ago. No, the heart of the group as I see it is Hicks. Never looking more than sixteen years old Hicks has been the integral Hollie since the group's inception. It was his whim for banjo-picking that made "Stop, Stop, Stop" stand out in an era of basic guitar - drum-bass songs. Lillian Roxon's 'Rock Encyclopedia' notes their 'Biggest tragedy right from the start was a lack of image.' Too bad I never got to show her the pic-

ture of Hicks I carry with me everytime I want to get my hair cut. Ah, idol-worship.

Nothing is harder than interviewing someone whose work you honor as genius. A severe case of jitters were bugging my stomach as I waited in the lobby of The Park Lane. Five minutes before the scheduled interview I see Hicks and Bernie Calvert (Hollies Bassplayer) jump into a cab heading downtown. A shy call up to their suite.

"Oh Tony fell in love with this guitar at Manny's yesterday. Don't worry he'll probably be right back."

Thanks, Terry (starting to wish that I was interviewing Sylvester - of - the - adorable - Liverpool - accent.)

On returning Hicks was more than willing to listen to my four pages of questions, so long as he could devote most of his attention to dismantling his new Les Paul guitar. The majority of the talk was centered around three words or sounds that resembles 'righ' 'nash' and 'uum?' in no particular order to the questions. Desperation for some sort of positive response even brought out my wallet photo of the - Hicks - haircut and a clipping of my WWD review...

"How bout some lunch?"

How about a vomit bag. This was turning into torture. OK Hicks, since you know what a masterpiece I think "Another Night" is why don't you go into detail about its creation? Silence for about 30 seconds but this time it's a Hollie that breaks the stillness.

"Well the whole thing actually took about a fortnight to write and record. Excepting "Sandy" by Bruce Springsteen, we decided to collaborate on writing most of the material. We go through spurts of action. Sometimes we'll let out a whole album of songs by other writers. Did that whole Dylan one and one called "Romany" was almost totally devoted to the songs of Colin Horton-Jennings. He's the leader of Taggett (a group on U.A. Records produced by Hicks).

Allan is a big Springsteen fan. We'll probably re-release "Sandy" if the new single (Another Night) takes off. "Night" is my favorite Hollies song in years. Allan was feeling in his usual downer mood. I started playing around with the opening chords and he just started singing. If they had to make a movie of the typical rock-writing session I guess "Night" would suffice as the vehicle."

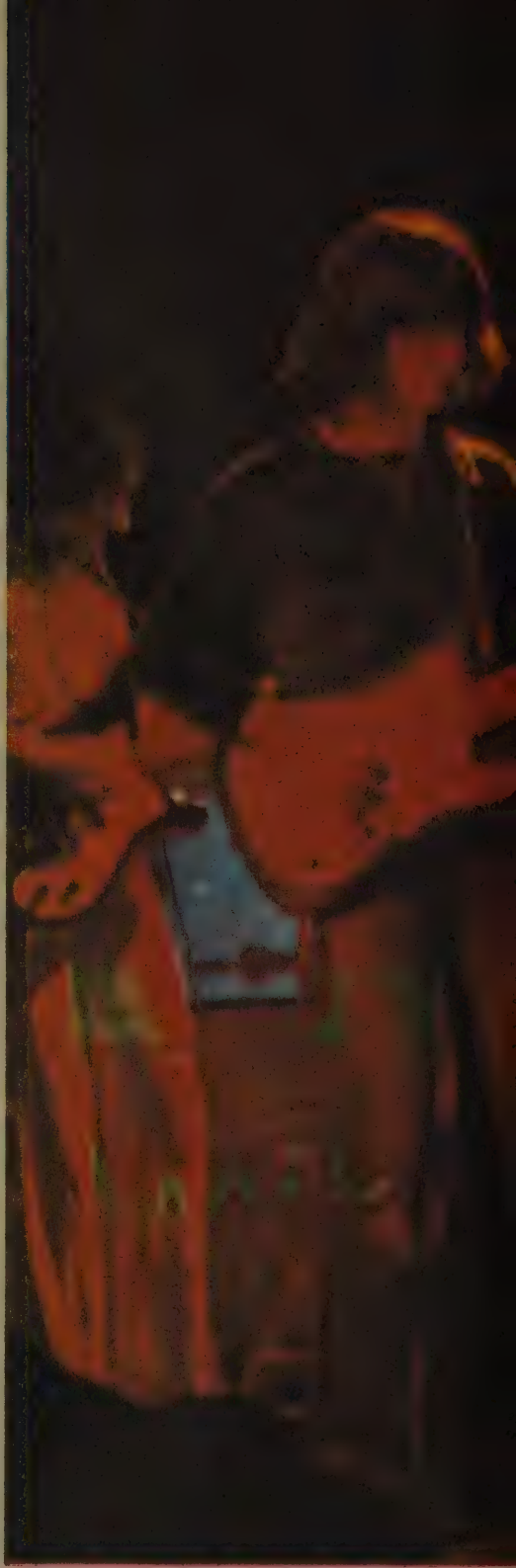
The usual answer to a query of any British musician's favorite group:

"Steely Dan. Not that we would ever do any songs by them it's just that their sound is so ethereal. I never saw them live but I have a feeling that their sound will be around for a long time."

Also typical, the British-Rockstar's favorite pastime:

"Soccer. I don't play it, just watch it but that takes up a considerable amount of time you know. T.S. (Terry Sylvester) is the real fanatic. He'll give up anything to catch a game."

Nothing bores me more than talking sports with some Sunday - afternoon - armchair - TV - fanatic so I try to drift the





subject over to Hick's stable of exotic sports cars.

"Gave those up about two years ago ... the Ferrari, the Porsches, the whole lot of them. Petro prices and speed laws being what they are in England it was just unfeasible to keep anything more than a VW. Besides I've got a wife and child to keep me busy now."

About the only thing that really gets Hicks hot is guitar talk. Being able to give him the exact date of his recently purchased Les Paul (it was a 1954 single cutaway with blond finish) gains the rapport attempted with showing him the rave

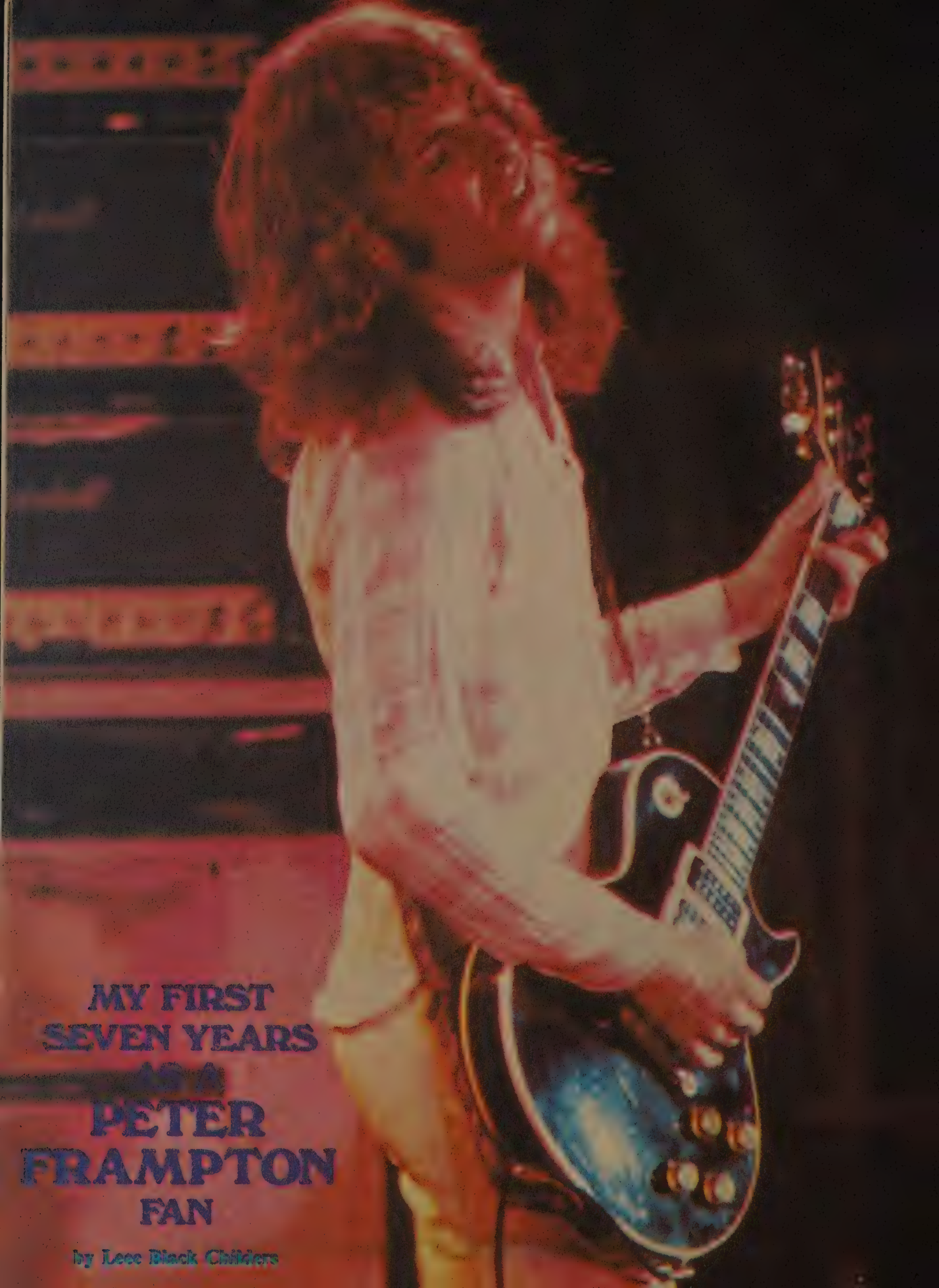
review and haircut photo. Gushing through a verbal catalogue of the guitars he owns Hicks is quick to add his distaste for most rock guitarists.

"They're all busy trying to outdo each others solos. It's all so pointless and undynamic." He's also quick to dispell rumors of scores of session musicians on Hollies albums. "All us. Bernie takes on most of the keyboard chores. I like to play around with banjos, sitars (beautifully realized on "You Gave Me Life" from the new album) and other string instruments. Nothing monumental just some notes to give the song a touch of class. We've

added a synthesizer to the live act to duplicate the orchestra sounds but otherwise it's all us. Nothing gets me madder than someone asking who played the opening notes to "Air That I Breathe" or the harmonica on "He Ain't Heavy." What do they want me to say ... Nicky Hopkins?"

After some brief chatter about the LA shows ("Three great and one terrible, unfortunately that's the one when most of the press came"), album covers ("Bernie has a big hand in that business") and the Hollies image ("Look at Terry's face and

(continued on page 58)



**MY FIRST
SEVEN YEARS
AS A
PETER
FRAMPTON
FAN**

by Lee Black Childers

LYON STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, SUMMER, 1968: I was lying in the room I shared with seven other people staring aimlessly out the window at the cat sleeping rather precariously on our fourth story window sill. Those of my roommates who weren't panhandling up on Haight Street were occupying themselves reading magazines or drawing peace signs on the walls. There was a Grateful Dead concert in Golden Gate Park that afternoon, but I wasn't planning to go — neither were the Dead, they rarely made it to their free concerts anymore. Leaning in her favorite corner was our little rebel, a very young girl with long streaky blonde hair who answered to the name Pattie Pooh. She loved British musicians and would probably have been a groupie if she had known how. (They hadn't become fashionable yet.) She bragged that Mark Lindsay once pulled off her sweater. She was reading *Disc*, the ever-popular English fan magazine, sighing at the pretty English faces. Scott Walker was still around then and Stevie Winwood was just beginning to get "too heavy" to sigh over and Keith Relf was still bleaching his hair. Suddenly her eyes widened and a sigh of pure love escaped her lips.

"Which one is it this time?" I asked.

"Oh, he's kind of new. You wouldn't know about him yet. He's only seventeen."

"He's too old for you — you're only sixteen. Stick with guys your own age. What's his name?"

"Peter Frampton. He's in the Herd and he's blonde and gorgeous and Penny Valentine says he's the Face of '68."

Penny Valentine was pretty much the

voice of British pop music in those days, so such an accolade really meant something. I got up to look at his picture.

"He sure is gorgeous," I said. "What's he do?"

Pattie looked puzzled. "Oh, I don't know. Plays guitar or sings or something, I guess."

THE LOWER EAST SIDE, NEW YORK, 1970: I was pasting pictures of fashion models and rock stars on our bathroom wall. One of my roommates, Jackie Curtis, was shaving her chest. Another roommate, Holly Woodlawn, was waxing her legs. Wayne County, yet another roommate, was sitting at the kitchen table reading rock papers. All my other roommates thought he was crazy because he wanted to be a rock singer instead of an underground superstar.

"Are you through with any of those papers yet?" I called. "I want to cut them up and paste them on the wall."

"Put some humpy number right opposite the toilet," Holly suggested. "So I can daydream while I'm using the john."

Wayne produced a recent copy of *Disc* exclaiming, "Here are *four* humpy numbers!" as he pointed to the cover.

"Woeee, who are they" gasped Holly.

"Humble Pie. They're a super-group. They've got Steve Marriott from the Small Faces, Peter Frampton from the Herd..."

My ears perked up. "Peter Frampton? I remember that name. Let me see his picture."

Wayne was astonished. "You? What do you know about British rock? You were a hippie out in San Francisco."

I took the paper. Yep, that was him — even two years older that face hadn't

changed. "I saw his picture a couple of years ago," I smiled, "when he was the Face of '68. But I don't know anything about him. What's he do?"

"What's he do?!!!" Wayne screamed. "He's a fabulous, fantasia guitarist. That's why it's a *super-group*!"

Jackie looked up from the sink. "Super-group, *super*-group," she cried in exasperation. "Ever since I became a superstar, everyone's trying to copy me!"

HYDE PARK, LONDON, 1971: Cherry Vanilla and I were strolling in the sun on our way to a free Grand Funk Railroad concert to be given in the park that afternoon. Humble Pie were the support band. I asked Cherry if she had ever heard of Peter Frampton.

"Peter Frampton? Oh my dear, he's gorgeous. I met him when they were on tour in New York, but I didn't go home with him or anything. My friend Nancy, remember her?, who you met at the Flamin' Groovies party — well, she's in love with him. Only she says that he's only interested in his music and he hates all that stuff about him being so beautiful and wishes that people would appreciate him for his musical ability. He's really good, too, his music's great, but boy would I like to get my hands on that body!"

Cherry and I were in London to appear in Andy Warhol's *Pork*, a play directed by Anthony J. Ingrassia at the Roundhouse Theatre. Cherry had the title role. But, instead of spending her free time studying her lines, Cherry and I were going to every rock concert we could squeeze in. Everyone in London thought we were correspondents for *Circus* magazine — Cherry was the writer and I







The year: 1971. The scene: Hyde Park, London. The event: Cherry Vanilla meets Peter Frampton.

was the photographer. Dressing rooms at rock emporiums all around London reverberated with her hearty "Hi, I'm Cherry Vanilla from New York." as I madly clicked pictures.

For this show, Cherry and I had of course secured passes for the restricted fenced off area around the bandstand, so we breezed past the guards at the gate to the thrilling inner sanctum buzzing with stars and members of the legitimate press. Cherry was more interested in getting her own name in print than writing anything else (as usual), so she flitted from one reporter to the next chattering about *Pork* and popping a tit every now and then when it seemed advantageous.

Truthfully, I can't remember if there were any other bands on before Humble Pie. If there were, I didn't photograph them. But when Humble Pie came on I rushed to the area in front of the stage and clicked my camera wildly. There he was, Peter Frampton, the face I had stared at across from me on my bathroom wall on the Lower East Side. Although I photographed the whole band, I must admit that most of the pictures were of Peter. (I even got so carried away that when Grand Funk Railroad came on, I discovered that I only had one roll of film left to use on them.) Humble Pie were fantastic, and as far as I could see, if Peter Frampton wanted people to appreciate his guitar artistry, he should have no problem — it was amazing and I was impressed.

When their set ended to the wild cheering of the crowd, Cherry grabbed me and we hurried back to the trailers which were set up as dressing rooms of the stars. When we got to the door of Peter's trailer, Cherry announced that she was an old friend of Peter's from New York and could we see him please. He appeared at the door shortly.

Cherry: Hi. I'm Cherry Vanilla.

hard shit, soft shit, monkey shit.

Peter: Oh...

Cherry: Yeah. It's really far out. We'll probably get in trouble and get raided and all spend a night in jail and get closed down and deported, so you better come see us as soon as it opens. Geri Miller who's in the play, too, already got arrested once for popping a tit for a photographer in front of the Queen Mother's house. This is Lee, he's our stage manager.

My Camera: Click.

Peter: Hi.

Cherry: I'm also doing stories for *Circus* magazine about the London rock scene and Lee is my photographer. You were really great.

Peter: Thanks.

Just then the introductory music for Grand Funk (the theme from *2001*) began to blast from the speakers. We excused ourselves and Peter retired to the safety of his trailer. I had finally met him.

As we headed for the front of the stage, Via Valentina, another of our *Pork* stars, climbed the fence to join us in the enclosure.

Via: Who was that really *cute* boy you were just talking to.



Peter Frampton and Steve Marriott, when they were together in Humble Pie, perform at a free concert in Hyde Park, 1971.

Remember me? I met you in New York with my friend Nancy when you were on tour. I'm over here now to be in a play at the Roundhouse in Chalk Farm. Andy Warhol's *Pork*. I'm *Pork*. We open the first week of August. Are you gonna be in town then? You've gotta come see us. It's a real far out show. I play this underground superstar called Amanda *Pork* who shoots speed all the time only we can't call it speed so we call it Vita - Meta - Vegemen, or something like that, I can never pronounce it right. Tony Ingrassia, that's our director, gets so mad at me. Wayne County plays this mad drag queen called *Vulva* and all he does is sit around talking about shit, all different kinds — you know, dog shit, cow shit,

Me: Oh, that's Peter Frampton. He's a really *great* guitarist.

THE UPPER WEST SIDE, NEW YORK, 1975: Roseann Chatterton, an old friend from RSO records, had come over to visit me and Wayne, my only remaining roommate. When she asked me what I was up to lately, I replied that I was set to interview Peter Frampton the next day. Her reaction was predictable.

"Oh, Peter Frampton," she said. "He's so sexy."

"Yeah, I know," I said, "he's true beauty."

"Oh, I don't just mean the way he looks," she replied. I mean the way he sounds. I just love listening to his albums. His music just comes across so sexy. I



cant really explain it, but he just *sounds* sexy. That's a whole lot better than just looking sexy — practically anybody can do that."

MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, THE NEXT DAY, 1975: By the time my late afternoon interview rolled around, Peter had already done several others with a variety of journalists and DeeJays. Still, when I was ushered into the rather barren conference room to meet him he seemed fresh, alert, and genuinely pleased to see me. Peter Frampton is a professional. Being professional involves more than being able to sustain a guitar solo or putting together an entertaining show and touring with it for two months of one - night - stands around the country in mid-winter. It also involves being able to sit in the same dull room for two days meeting an endless stream of reporters, many of whom have never seen you perform and are hardly aware of who you are or what you do, and answering the same questions over and over and over and over.

As you can see if you have read this far, I had been aware of and interested in the life and career of Peter Frampton for many years. In this, my first interview with him, I hoped to fill in some of the gaps in my knowledge of him. But as anyone who grew up reading movie magazines knows, the public's main interests in the lives of the stars center

around sex, drugs, and money. Maybe Hedda Hopper would have started right off with sex, but being a bit more timid, I opted for money. In the time since I had first seen Peter's picture in *Disc* I had gone from utter starvation to disgusting gluttony and back again. Was I correct in assuming that he had rather more serenely been rolling in dough for that whole period of time? Hardly. He *did* live the life of luxury for a little over two years (his time with Humble Pie) and even managed to amass enough loot in one lump to buy a large house in England and an Astin-Martin. Although he still owns both of them, he now rents a house in upstate New York and drives a V-W Carmen Ghia. (The A-M is in the hospital in the U.K.) During his early years with the Herd, he got a good deal less money than he was due, owing to his youth. Being a minor (under 21) his finances were handled by a series of majors (over 21) who kept their shares and maybe a little more, too, since he was just a kid and didn't need so much money and probably wouldn't know the difference anyway. And Peter says, "there was always a discrepancy of a large sum of money at the end of the week." He has since grown up and as his newest album (aptly titled *Peter Frampton*) soars up the charts he can look forward to great amounts of money pouring his way after he pays his living expenses, promotional expenses,

travel expenses, rent, agent, manager, and taxes. Oh well, if you want to get rich, marry Susan Ford.

Peter now lives in a lovely stone house in the country — far enough from civilization that you can actually count on seeing deer roaming along the half-mile long driveway in the evenings. He lives there with his steady lady, Penny. They are thinking of getting a large English Sheepdog to keep them company. His main reason for moving to the States was not to avoid the over-burdening taxes that have recently been instituted in his native England thus driving many rock stars into tax exile here in the U.S. He prefers the States because music is so abundant here. For example, Miss Aretha Franklin is appearing some fifteen minutes drive from his house at the Westchester Music Fair.

It was at about this point that I realized something very distinctive about his accent. As I was growing up in Kentucky I thought all Englishmen sounded like Arthur Treacher, but as I heard more and more of them through the years starting with the Beatles' lovable Liverpool accent, I began to recognize the various local inflections. Peter's accent seemed very familiar — suddenly it dawned on me — David Bowie! When I advanced this observation, Peter wasn't the least bit surprised.

"I'm probably two miles from where he

originated from," he informed me. "I went to the same school. My father taught David. Art. I went to the same school that my father taught at for a year ... Bromley Technical High School."

Wow! I felt like Dorothy Kilgallen. What an ace bit of detective work. I had actually recognized his accent and thereby happened upon a neat bit of rock history. Further questioning resulted in more information. Although David is somewhat older than Peter, they had been friends and used to meet on the art block stairs during lunch periods to sit together and play Buddy Holly tunes on their guitars. Also present at these jam sessions was George Underwood, later to distinguish himself as a superb artist, producing many paintings for David as well as such album covers as the *Gentle Giant* one of a couple of years ago. (An interesting rock fact: The beautiful blonde on the cover of the latest Cockney Rebel album is George's stunning wife, Birget.) (Another interesting rock fact: While still young children George and David got into a fight over a girl and, brandishing a stick, George inflicted the wound resulting in David's very distinctive eye difference. If you haven't noticed, his eyes are not only different colors, but the pupil of one stays per-



Frampton's Camel

Neal Preston

manently dilated.)

At the end of Peter's year at art school his father produced the end of term concert. Peter appeared in the show in the choir and as accompanist for the school's lost property lady who did a comedy routine. The show featured George's band, George and the Dragons, with David on sax. Peter was the support act with his band called the Little Ravens. He was twelve years old at this time. See, kids, don't take those talent nights at school so lightly. That funny little kid singing "What Kind Of Fool Am I?" could go on to become the next Alice Cooper.

Peter decided to leave that school after his first year because, as you can imagine, it's no picnic to go to the same school where your father is an instructor. He transferred to another school and began preparation to eventually enter music college. A few years later during Summer break Andrew Bown asked him to play rhythm guitar with his new group, the Herd. When it came time to enter music college that Fall, Peter was hopelessly involved in rock and roll.

What would have happened if he hadn't joined the Herd? Well, if he had made it through music college after many years of study he would have been a "real musician" complete with all the little "dots and squiggles" on blank sheet music. He's glad he found rock and roll, or vice versa, since he has learned through experience all the music theory he needs to know for the music he wants to write and perform. "I know how to arrange — give me three months with my bible..." he says. His what? "My arranger's bible which I've had for years — and I could arrange a brass section, a string section. It's this big book you can buy — I forget who wrote it — it's just called *Orchestration*. It goes through every instrument of the orchestra and tells you its range..." Apparently, with this book, some experience, and a lot of work any musician can arrive at an arrangement for the songs he has written. Neat little book, huh?

The Herd really got rolling by the time he was sixteen — now he's 25. That's

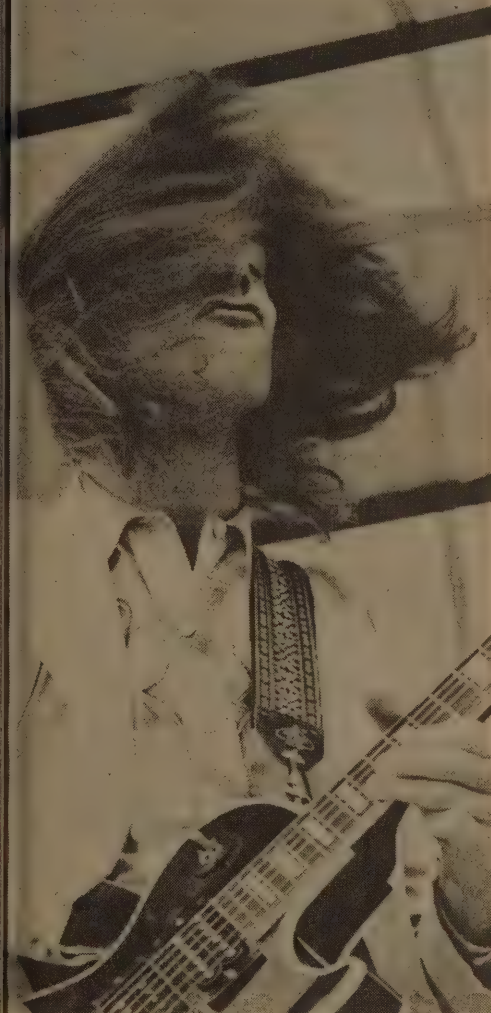
nearly nine years. Peter remarks: "I woke up when I was 25 and thought, hmmm, a quarter of a century — I suppose you automatically think that — but age doesn't really bother me. I'm glad I'm 25. There was a period when I thought I'd like to be eighteen all my life, but now I'm enjoying being this age. Not so many people ask me for ID anymore, but a lot of people do."

It has likewise been quite a while since he was the Face of '68. What did he think of that? Does he get tired of constantly hearing about it? Answer: "I've thought about that. Why should I feel tired of that? I used to for a long time. But why should I think that, when it's one of the reasons I'm sitting here today. It was once a problem. I tried to get away from it. I grew a beard. I did everything opposite. I was scruffy. But now I realize that I'm just about to make it for the third time and I'm going to *stay* there this time, and I'm going to use everything I can to stay there. And I'm going to flaunt it!" Well, he certainly has the ammunition. These nine years of hard work have seen the development of a superb talent, combined with a magnificent presence and style as well as what could just as easily be the Face of '75 as '68. Well done, Peter.

Oh, for you scandal - thirsty fans out there waiting for the questions on sex and drugs. Drugs were never a problem with Peter. While others fell by the wayside, the victims of various debilitating drugs, Peter moved surely and securely past temptation. Sex? Well, he was with one girl for seven years straight and even was married to her for two of them. When that ended it shook him up quite a bit which is reflected, according to him, in parts of his *Frampton's Camel* album. Now he is happily settled down with Penny in the stone house with the deer.

What? No problems? No horror stories? No skeletons in his closet that I can drag out for the amusement of my readers? Isn't there anything wrong with him?

"In some ways I think I'm probably a slight manic - depressive, but I don't know..." he mused, "I've had my ups and downs." □



I see Black Children

I think Cherry Vanilla shouted, "That was a good one!" right after I clicked this pic.

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I'M ON FIRE

(As recorded by Dwight Twilley Band)

DWIGHT TWILLEY

You got your lady on the line
You got your name on the cover
And tho' your friends are ninety nine,
honey
You ain't got no lover.

And you ain't, you ain't, you ain't got no
lover, lover, lover
And you ain't, you ain't, you ain't got no
lover.

I remember the feelin' that I could be
free-ee-ee

Now I know I could never, ever be mee-

'Cause I'm on fire
Got myself on fire.

You got your joker on the table
And you've been told from time to time
That I'd be willing, I'd be able
If you could read between the lines.
(Repeat chorus)

I'm on fire.

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RAG DOLL

(As recorded by Sammy Johns)

STEVE EATON

She walks in the field that's just across
the way
And picks all the flowers that brighten
up her day
And the blue velvet cape that she wore
around her neck
And the red in her cheeks gave a rag
doll effect.

And the wind in the trees sing a sad, sad
song

I lay in my bed list'nin' all night long
Oh wind in the trees sing a song for me
And bring back the rag doll to me.

Oh how I long to have that woman by
my side
The happiness of yesterday damn near
cost my pride

And there ain't nothin' than losin'
When you had everything to gain
I've got to get that woman back
Or nothin' will be the same.

(Repeat chorus)

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ACTION SPEAKS LOUDER THAN WORDS

(As recorded by Chocolate Milk)

LLOYD HARRIS, JR.
FRANK RICHARD
ERNEST DABON
JOSEPH SMITH III
DWIGHT RICHARDS
MARIOG TIO
AMADEE CASTENELL, JR.
ROBERT DABON
KENNETH WILLIAMS

Action speaks louder than words, action
Action speaks louder than words, ac-
tion, action
Action speaks louder than words.

People say there's gonna be a better
day
Yeah, yeah, yeah
But the world is the same in every way
Action speaks louder than words.

The president says the world is gonna
change, yeah
Mr. Say is nothing Mr. Do is the man
Action speaks louder than words.

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'TILL THE WORLD ENDS

(As recorded by Three Dog Night)

DAVE LOGGINS

Seasons change and a summer's gone
Another year and a love I've known
fade like a dream
Rearrange and make yourself strong
You're not the first or last who's lost
ev'rything.

But you can't bundle up your feelings
And hang 'em in some closet until you
need them again
All of us broken hearted young lovers
must go in search of one another
'Till the world ends.

Frosty windows, scribbled names, stare
at me with the sad refrains of what's
come to pass

A candle glows, you follow the flame
A light of hope to ease the pain of
loneliness.

(Repeat chorus)

You know we all live but once
And losin' is a part of livin' your life
And daylight always follows the night
I'm lookin' at life as it's always been
And it'll be that way
'Till the world ends
'Till the world ends.

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FOREVER CAME TODAY

(As recorded by Jackson Five)

BRIAN HOLLAND
LAMONT DOZIER
EDDIE HOLLAND

There you were standing there as your
eyes reached out to me
Something warm in your eyes touched
my heart right then and there
All the love I never knew I found in you
Suddenly my world stood still my life
was then fulfilled

As you gently touched my hand
I knew that we had laid a plan
Forever lasting love that I've been
forever dreaming of
At last oo at last my forever came today.

When you walked into my life and
made my lonely life a paradise
It came today forever came today
As we were standing there you didn't
speak a single word

But your eyes, your eyes said you
wanted me
Your touch said you needed me and my
heart said tenderly
Darlin' oo my darlin' make me yours
Let your kiss touch my face and tell me
love has led me to this place
To your warm embrace

Hello happiness thanks to you my
search has ended

And I want the world to see how
suddenly love has shined on me
With ever lasting love

That I've been forever dreaming of
At last oo at last my forever came today
When you walked into my life
And made my lonely life a paradise
It came today
Forever came today.

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OH ME, OH MY (Dreams In My Arms)

(As recorded by Al Green)

AL GREEN
WILLIE MITCHELL
MABON HODGES

I had a dream
Thinking that you were gone
Leaving me on my own
And you, you was there
In some other's arms
Giving away all my charms
Then, then when I awake
I want you here
To fill my life with cheer
And when I come back
You won't be alone
Cause I'll be at home
Saying.

Oh me, oh my
Dreams in my arms
Glad you're at home with me
I'm so glad
Cause you're only a dream
Let's say.

Oh me, oh my
Dreams in my arms
It's all that I have to hold
Since you've been gone
I can be some help to you
Help me to, help me say.

Oh me, oh my
Dreams in my arms
Since you've been gone
Come on back home.

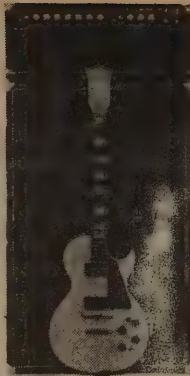
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(As recorded by Donny & Marie Osmond)

HANK COCHRAN

Do you remember when you loved me
Before the world took me astray
If you do, then forgive me
And make the world go away.

Make the world go away
And get it off my shoulders
Say the things you used to say
And make the world go away.

I'm sorry if I hurt you
I'll make it up day by day
Just say you love me like you used to
And make the world go away.
(Repeat chorus)

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HOW SWEET IT IS (To Be Loved By You)

(As recorded by James Taylor)

**EDDIE HOLLAND
LAMONT DOZIER
BRIAN HOLLAND**

How sweet it is to be loved by you
Yes baby oh how sweet it is to be loved
by you
Ooh baby.

I needed the shelter of someone's arms
And there you were
Need someone to understand my ups
and downs

And there you were
With sweet love and devotion

Deeply touches my emotion
I wanna stop and thank you baby
I wanna stop and thank you baby
Hey now

How sweet it is to be loved by you
Oh baby

How sweet it is to be loved by you
Yes it is

You were better to me than I've been to
myself

For me there's you and nobody else
Stop and thank you baby
I wanna stop and thank you baby oh.

Close my eyes at night
And wonder what would I be without
you as my wife

Ev'rything was just a bore
All the things I did seems I'd done it
before

But to brighten up all my days with a
love so sweet in so many ways

I wanna stop and thank you baby
I wanna stop and thank you baby

Hey now
How sweet it is to be loved by you

Oh baby
How sweet it is to be loved by you

Yes it is.

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ANOTHER NIGHT

(As recorded by Hollies)

**TERRY SYLVESTER
ALAN CLARKE
TONY HICKS**

Out on the town digging around feeling
bluesy

It's getting late I can't afford to be
choosy

Should be home and dry by now
Tried every trick in the book.

But another night, Saturday night
And I'm losing
Another night, Saturday night
And I'm losing.

The D.J. plays a song from the past I
remember

I hold her tight in my arms she
surrenders

It's the same old record playing
But it's a different girl that's swaying.

Another night, Saturday night
And I'm losing

Another night, Saturday night
And I'm losing.

As we move round the room
Whispering things with my eyes closed

It feels that you're here
Then the music stops I open my eyes

My fantasy ends
We're not even friends.

I'm leaving to catch my ride
Pay my fare on my way home
The same thing every week on my own
Next time around you might be there
My luck might change but until then.

Another night, Saturday night
And I'm losing

Another night, Saturday night
And I'm losing.

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SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIAL

(As recorded by Lynyrd Skynyrd)

EDWARD KING
RONNIE VAN ZANT

Two feet they come a-creepin' like a
black cat do
And two bodies are layin' naked
Creepin' think he got nothin' to lose
So he creeps into this house (yeah)
And unlocks the door
And as a man's reaching for his trousers,
shoots him full of thirty-eight holes.

It's the Saturday night special
Got a barrel that's blue and cold
Ain't good for nothin' but put a man six
feet in a hole.

Big Jim's been drinkin' whiskey
And playin' poker on a losin' night
Pretty soon big Jim starts a-thinkin'
Somebody been cheatin' and lyin'
So big Jim commences to fightin'
I wouldn't tell you no lie
And big Jim done pulled his pistol
Shot his friend right between the eyes.
(Repeat chorus)

Hand guns are made for killin'
Ain't no good for nothin' else
And if you like to drink your whiskey
You might even shoot yourself
So why don't we dump them people
To the bottom of the sea
Before some fool come around here
Wanna shoot either you or me.

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FEEL LIKE MAKIN' LOVE

(As recorded by Bad Company)

PAUL RODGERS

Baby when I think about you
I think about love
Baby I don't live without you
And your love
If I had those golden dreams
Of my yesterday
I would wrap you in their heaven
But they lay dying on the way
Feel like making
Feel like making love
Feel like making love
Feel like making love to you.

Baby if I think about you
I think about love
Baby if I live without you
I live without love
If I had the sun and moon
And they were shining
I would give you both night and day
Love satisfying
Feel like making
Feel like making love
Feel like making love
Feel like making love
Feel like making love to you.

And if I had those golden dreams
Of my yesterday
I would wrap you in this heaven
But they lay dying
On the way
Feel like making
Feel like making love
Feel like making love
Feel like making love
Feel like making love to you.

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FEELIN' THAT GLOW

(As recorded by Roberta Flack)

WORDS by EUGENE McDANIELS
MUSIC by EUGENE McDANIELS &
UNIVERSAL JONES

Somewhere, deep in my body
I feel that magical glow
I'm in need of somebody
And I think you should know
You are my magical baby
Feed my magical soul
Let's find a field where it's shady
You can let your magic unfold
You are my baby, and I think you should
know
That I'm feelin' that glow
You are my baby, and I think you should
know
That I'm feelin' that glow.

Spoken:

Do it! Um, um, um, um, um, um, um.

Somewhere, deep in my body
I feel that magical glow
I'm in need of somebody
And I think you should know
I am your magical lady
Feed your magical soul
In a field where it's shady
You can let your magic unfold
You are my baby, and I think you should
know
That I'm feelin' that glow
You are my baby, and I think you should
know
That I'm feelin' that glow.

Spoken:

Do it! Um, um, um, um, um, um, um.

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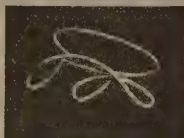
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HARPO'S BLUES (I Wish I Was A Willow)

(As recorded by Phoebe Snow)

PHOEBE SNOW

I wish I was a willow and I could sway
to the music in the wind
And I wish I was a loner

I wouldn't need my costumes and
pretend.

I wish I was a mountain
I'd pass boldly thru the clouds and never
end

I wish I was a soft refrain
When the lights were out I'd play and
be your friend

I strut and fret my hour upon the stage
The hour is up

I have to run and hide my rage
I'm lost again I think I'm really scared
I won't be back at all this time and have
my deepest secrets shared.

I'd like to be a willow, a lover, a moun-
tain or a soft refrain

But I'd hate to be a grown-up and have
to try and bear my life in pain.

And have to try to bear my life in pain
And have to try to bear my life in pain
And have to try to bear my life in pain.

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HEY YOU

(As recorded by Bachman-Turner Over-
drive)

RANDY BACHMAN

Hey you

You say you wanna change the world
It's alright with me, there's no regret
It's my turn, the circle game has brought
me here
And I won't let down 'til ev'ry sun has
set.

You realize now, you should've tried
now (oh)

The music's gone now
You lost it somehow

Hey you

Sha-la-la-la

Hey you

Sha-la-la-la woo

Sha-la-la-la woo

La-la-la-la.

Hey you

You say the race is much too fast
It's okay with me, I'm keepin' pace
It's my game, the music is inside my
head
For ev'ryone on top there's one who can
replace.

You realize now, you should've tried
now (oh)

The music's gone now, you'll find out,
You lost it somehow

Hey you

Sha-la-la-la

Hey you

Sha-la-la-la woo

Sha-la-la-la woo

La-la-la-la

La-la-la-la

Hey you, hey you, hey you.

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ONE OF THESE NIGHTS

(As recorded by Eagles)

DON HENLEY

GLENN FREY

One of these nights

One of these crazy old nights

We're gonna find out pretty mama

What turns on your lights

The full moon is calling, the fever is high
And the wicked wind whispers in my
ears

You got your demons, you got desires
Well I got a few of my own.

Ooo someone to be kind to
In between the darkness and light
Ooo coming right behind you
Swear I'm gonna find you
One of these nights.

One of these nights
In between the dark and the light
Coming right behind you
Swear I'm gonna find you
Get you baby one of these nights
One of these nights.

One of these dreams, one of these lost
and lonely dreams
We're gonna find one, girl don't you
hear the screams
I've been searching for the daughter of
the devil himself
I've been searching for an angel in
white
I've been waiting for a woman who's a
little of both
And I can feel her but she's nowhere in
sight.

Loneliness will blind you
In between the wrong and the right
Coming right behind you
Swear I'm gonna find you one of these
nights.

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SOMEONE SAVED MY LIFE TONIGHT

(As recorded by Elton John)

**ELTON JOHN
BERNIE TAUPIN**

When I think of those East End lights
Muggy nights
The curtains drawn in the little room
downstairs
Prima Donna lord you really should
have been there
Sitting like a princess perched in her
electric chair
And it's one more beer
And I don't hear you anymore
We've all gone crazy lately
My friend's out there rolling round the
basement floor.

And someone saved my life tonight,
sugar bear
You almost had your hooks in me didn't
you dear
You nearly had me roped and tied
Altar - bound, hypnotised,
Sweet freedom whispered in my ear
You're a butterfly
And butterflies are free to fly
Fly away, high away bye bye.

I never realised the passing hours
Of evening showers
A slip noose hanging in my darkest
dreams
I'm strangled by your haunted social
scene
Just a pawn out-played by a dominat-
ing queen
It's four-o'clock in the morning
Damn it
Listen to me good
I'm sleeping with myself tonight
Saved in time, thank God my music's
still alive.
(Repeat chorus)

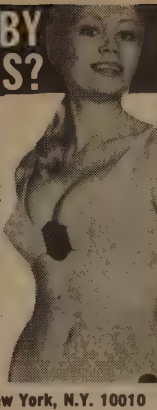
And I would have walked head on into
the deep end of a river
Clinging to your stocks and bonds
Paying your H.P. demands forever
They're coming in the morning with a
truck to take me home
Someone saved my life tonight,
someone saved my life tonight
Someone saved my life tonight,
someone saved my life tonight
Someone saved my life tonight
So save your strength and run the field
you play alone.
(Repeat chorus)

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RHINESTONE COWBOY

(As recorded by Glen Campbell)

LARRY WEISS

I've been walkin' these streets so long
singin' the same old song
I know ev'ry crack on these dirty
sidewalks of Broadway, where hustle is
the name of the game
And nice guys get washed away like
the snow and the rain
There's been a load of compromisin' on
the road to my horizon
But I'm gonna be where the lights are
shinin' on me.

Like a Rhinestone Cowboy riding out on
a horse in a star spangled rodeo
Rhinestone Cowboy, gettin' cards and
letters from people I don't even know
Offers coming over the phone.

Well, I really don't mind the rain
And a smile can hide the pain
But you're down when you're riding a
train

That's taking the long way
But I dream of the things I'd do
With a subway token and a dollar
Tucked inside my shoe
There's been a load of compromisin'
On the road to my horizon
But I'm gonna be where the lights are
shinin' on me.

(Repeat chorus)

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IT'S ALL DOWN TO GOODNIGHT VIENNA

(As recorded by Ringo Starr)

JOHN LENNON

I took my baby to a party last night, uh
huh huh
She was so beautiful she made me up-
tight, uh huh huh
Up come a butcher with her Ju Jus a-
light, uh huh huh
His needles in sight, uh huh huh
It's all da da da down to goodnight,
Vienna.

Felt like a Bo-hunk, but I kept up my
cool, uh huh huh
Green as a frog, man I was back into
school, uh huh huh
Zipped up my mouth coz I was starting
to drool, uh huh huh
It's all da da da down to goodnight,
Vienna.

Get it up, get it up
Get it up, get it up
It's all da da da down to goodnight,
Vienna.

She said she loved me, but I knew she
was lying, uh huh huh
Felt like an Arab who was dancing thru
Zion, uh huh huh
Don't call no doctor when you just feel
like crying, uh huh huh
It's all da da da down to goodnight,
Vienna.

Get it up, get it up
Get it up, get it up
It's all da da da down to goodnight,
Vienna.

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DO IT IN THE NAME OF LOVE

(As recorded by Ben E. King)

GWEN GUTHRIE
PAT GRANT

My mama told me a long time ago
When you're in love there's no need to
roam
You've got to give more than you get
You'll never know what to expect
Sometimes you're up, sometimes you're
down
Sometimes your whole world will come
crashing down
Love can be no more than you make it
Hang on in there and you're gonna
make it
Just get your strength from the Lord up
above
And do it, do it, do it in the name of love
Oh babe why don't you do it in the
name of love
You've got to work, fight, try with all
your might
Get your strength from the Lord up
above

Do it in the name of love.
Temptation's all around
Don't let it get you down
Think about your woman
Think about your man
Keep it together - stay hand in hand
Sometimes you cause each other so
much pain
And then again you're sweet as sugar
cane
You've got to show what you feel for
each other
Then you will succeed as lovers
Get your strength from the Lord above
And do it, do it, do it in the name of love.

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GLASSHOUSE

(As recorded by Temptations)

CHARLEMAGNE™

If you're livin' in a glasshouse
Don't throw no stones
If you're livin' in a glasshouse
Don't throw no stones ooo.

We're all made with feet of clay and
some dreams
We're born alone and we die alone
Why can't we live in between?

I don't care what goes on in your house
when you close your door
If you stop lookin' in my bedroom win-
dow
I'll stop lookin' in yours.

My girl came home and she caught me
with Alice
And she threw me out the door

Now, now, now
But the real reason that she was so mad
Is that she was with Alice before!

Say what?
If you're livin' in a glasshouse
No, don't cha throw no stones
If you're livin' in a glasshouse
Don't cha throw no stones
Oh ooo ooo.

Sweet talkin', bar hoppin', pill poppin',
wife swapin', swapin', swapin',
swapin'

Sweet talkin', bar hoppin', pill poppin',
wife swapin', swapin', swapin',
swapin'

If you're livin' in a glasshouse
Don't throw no stones

If you're livin' in a glasshouse
Don't throw no stones

If you're livin' in a glasshouse
Don't throw no stones.

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THAT'S WHEN THE MUSIC TAKES ME

(As recorded by Neil Sedaka)

NEIL SEDAKA

That's when the music takes me
Takes me to a brighter day
That's when the music takes me
Helpin' me to find my way
When the day is so long that I can't hold
on

When I'm down and I think my hope is
gone
Oh yeah that's when the music takes
me
Closer to a brighter day

I can feel my soul explodin'
There's a good feelin' helpin' me to find
my way
When the blue bird sings her sad, sad
song
And the wind brings the cold to tag
along

Oh yeah I can feel the spirit move me
I can almost touch the sky
Reachin' for a new tomorrow
I know it's hard but the music makes me
wanna try

And that's when the music takes me
Closer to a brighter day.

That's when the music takes me
Helpin' me to find my way
Happy, happy, happy day
Happy, happy, happy day
Happy, happy, happy day.

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New York, NY 10019.

GOT TO GET YOU INTO MY LIFE

(As recorded by Blood, Sweat & Tears)

JOHN LENNON
PAUL McCARTNEY

I was alone, I took a ride
I didn't know what I would find there
Another road where maybe I could see
another kind of life there
Ooh, then I suddenly see you
Ooh, did I tell you I need you
Ev'ry single day of my life.

You didn't run, you didn't lie you knew I
wanted just to hold you
And had you gone you knew in time
we'd meet again for I'd have told you
Ooh, you were meant to be near me
Ooh, and I want you to hear me
Say we'll be together ev'ry day.

Got to get you into my life
Got to get you into my life.

What can I do, what can I be when I'm
with you I want to stay there
If I'm true I'll never leave and if I do I
know the way there
Ooh, then I suddenly see you
Ooh, did I tell you I need you
Ev'ry single day of my life.

Got to get you into my life
Got to get you into my life.

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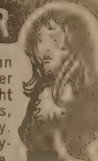
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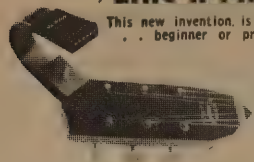
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WHY I LIVE IN AMERICA

(continued from page 23)

of my legs were worth 25 dollars, my arms were 50 dollars for the pair, and my head was for free. Somewhat puzzled by my response, he asked if I would ever sell my soul. "My soul?" I replied. "My soul was sold to an Amsterdam hooker - she keeps it in an ivory box beneath her bed". He stood back, gave me the ten dollars back, and walked away. No sense of humour - so to speak. Sorry mother.

Once, in France, I travelled with David Bowie. He had just come back from America. So had I. We agreed on one point - Americans were honest. We are taught that honesty is good - we both agreed on that. Americans had no inhibitions - "motherfucker" is an American expression. It is the most foul expression on Earth. That is honesty. Bowie and myself agreed that honesty was not good - that is, to the extreme. Do not be totally honest, for us humans are awful people. Strip us bare, and we are more awful than the most horrible creature ever created. We are spiders, lice, filth, and killers. Above all, we are killers.

One day, we shall all be put in prison - by Martians, who, like Patti Smith, are good people. John Lennon is good too. Because he is a Martian. When I re-new my passport in one month's time under the word "Occupation" I shall write in green felt - tipped pen "Martian". After all, in America, I am classified as "Alien". Now "Aliens" have seven feet and are painted green - right?

The staple diet of Americans is greed and concern.

Elephants are fascinating beasts. When they feel they are about to die, they walk off slowly, and without saying a word, walk to a spot miles away, and die. There are usually lots of elephants in this spot - and all of them are dead.

Sometimes, when I cross through The Bowery I think of aged elephants.

Syd Barrett, who created Pink Floyd, was a dying elephant. Himmler is a nice name.

People would take all sorts of drugs to write an article as strange as this. I only need one - America. I cannot think of one place in the world where I would sit all day, and write about elephants. Africa? No. If I lived in Africa, I would write about my mother, or something sensible. You see, if I lived in Africa, I would have shot all the elephants dead.

This is a parable.

And also the only article that mentions - in the same breath:

Skeletons
Juniper Trees
Bob Dylan
Elephants
Detroit
Semi-gloss Violet
The Rolling Stones
Gene Pitney
Henry Miller
And Elephants.
Beware.

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RECORD REVIEWS

(continued from page 17)

really new and different, creative rock and roll. It includes the first rock and roll tango I have ever heard (You can really tango to it - it could start the craze all over again). The name of this song is "Hustler's Tango". It deals rather explicitly with the feelings of a young Third Avenue type hustler. Other songs bear strong evocations of Berlin before the war decadence. Wayne immediately dubbed him the Lotte Lenya of rock. Everyone who has visited me in the last couple of weeks has been treated to a playing of this album and they've all reacted with wonder and amazement. There are some of the strangest arrangements you are likely to hear in rock and roll - and I can guarantee you that you won't be hearing this boy's music piped in over the elevator speakers in the near future.

The other wonderful surprise discovery was Yvonne Elliman. (RSO Record - SO - 4808) When I received her album I naturally remembered her years of association with the rather dreary part of Mary Magdalene in *Jesus Christ, Superstar* which she played on both stage and screen. Expecting the worst, I dutifully put the album on for a quick listen. Hooray! Mary Magdalene had been transformed into Dusty Springfield. Each and every song was alive with energy and youth. The arrangements are terrific and her voice is strong and lusty. The production by the inimitable Steve Cropper is flawless. Wayne and I both agree that the best song on the lp is Todd Rundgren's "Sweeter Memories." This could be a big hit. Yvonne should release it as a single before someone like Olivia Newton - John comes along and ruins it. Wayne comments: "Perfect music to cry to while lying in bed all day long after a broken love affair with the covers pulled over your head. I never thought I would hear a Bread song that I would like, but Yvonne gives their hit, "Best Of My Love," something the original didn't have. "Walk Right In" gets down to the funky stuff. It is certainly to her credit to be able to take this dull folk song hit by the Rooftop Singers and turn it into a great disco dance number complete with spunky bass and mucho Soul Train horns, plus Yvonne's raspy vocals.

One last thing - the best new album cover award goes to Robert Palmer's new album, *Sneakin' Sally Through The Alley*. (Island Records - ILPS-9294) It's such a striking cover that when I took my copy with me to a recent Elton John press conference, some lousy fellow member of the press corps actually stole it, the creep. Anyway, I got a new one and I love the picture. Robert Palmer is a beauty, incidentally, but the music inside could do with some beautifying. The title cut is terrific, but the rest tends to get a little forced - he's trying too hard to be soulful.

Well, that's the month in records. Hope you enjoyed them. Oh yes, the opinions expressed in this column do not necessarily reflect those of the management. Bye. □

AT SEVENTEEN

(As recorded by Janis Ian)

JANIS IAN

I learned the truth at seventeen
That love was meant for beauty queens
And high school girls with clear skinned
smiles

Who married young and then retired
The valentines I never knew
The Friday night charades of youth
Were spent on one more beautiful
At seventeen, I learned the truth

And those of us with ravaged faces
Lacking in the social graces
Desperately remained at home
Inventing lovers on the phone
Who called to say "Come dance with
me"

And murmured vague obscenities
It isn't all it seems at seventeen
A brown-eyed girl in hand - me - downs
Whose name I never could pronounce
Said Pity, please, the ones who serve
They only get what they deserve
The rich relationed home - town queen
Marries into what she needs
A guarantee of company
And haven for the elderly.

Remember those who win the game
Lose the love they sought to gain
In debentures of quality
And dubious integrity
Their small-town eyes will gape at you
In dull surprise when payment due
Exceeds accounts received
At seventeen
At seventeen
To those of us who knew the pain
Of valentines that never came
And those whose names were never
called

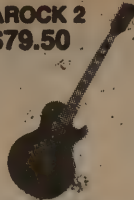
When choosing sides for basketball
It was long ago and far away
The world was younger than today
And dreams were all they gave for free
To ugly duckling girls like me
We all play the game
And when we dare
To cheat ourselves at solitaire

Inventing lovers on the phone
Repenting other lives unknown
That call and say "Come dance with
me"

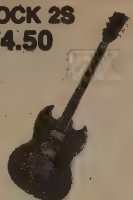
And murmur vague obscenities
At ugly girls like me
At seventeen.

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BLUEBIRD

(As recorded by Helen Reddy)

LEON RUSSELL

Yeah, yeah, I'm lost in the night
The icy wind is howling out your name
And desolation lingers like a fog
The fire is growing dimmer in the wind
I'm out in the rain
The moon has gone behind the cloud
again
And I can't stand to live another day
Cause my bluebird went away.

And I'm locked in this room with my sorrow

No escape no way to get away
And my only connection with tomorrow
Is hoping that you might decide not to
stay away

Oh I'm out on a limb
If I could only find sweet love again
To live my life this way's too much to
bear
Can't find my bluebird anywhere.
(Repeat chorus)

Bluebird, why did you go away
Bluebird, why did you go away
Oh little bluebird why did you go away
Won't you tell me.

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FREE MAN

(As recorded by South Shore Commission)

BUNNY SIGLER
RONNIE TYSON

Girl, I'm a free man
Girl, I'm a free man
An' talkin' 'bout it
Girl, I'm a free man.

I know you understand
Why I don't want no married man
They say you're the only one
See, all they wanna do s' - have a little
fun

I've been out here on my own um
Lawd, I ain't afraid to live alone
Befo' ya take me home honey I don't
have no bills to pay
I work hard each an' ev'ry day
All I need is a man like you to love me
an' squeeze me
Know what to do girl.

Girl, I'm a free man
Girl, I'm a free man
An' braggin' 'bout it
Girl, I'm a free man.

Honey, can ya stay all night
Squeeze an' hold me tight
Fo' when the mornin' comes you won't
turn ta me
An' say you hafta run don't need no
part-time lover
Comin' to share my cover
You see, I've been through that before
Now boy it's up to you whatever you
wanna do
You come by night leave by day
Well, if I can't have it all
Just be on your way
Are you a free man.

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Music.

HOPE THAT WE CAN BE TOGETHER SOON

(As recorded by Sharon Paige and
Harold Melvin and The Blue Notes)

K. GAMBLE
L. HUFF

Girl:

When I'm away from you boy
All I seem to do is cry
And then when I see you boy
My how the time does fly
I don't know if you need and love me
The way I love and need you
I hope that we can be together soon
I hope that we can be together soon
I hope that we can be together soon
Real soon

Can you make it real soon.

Boy:

When I think about you girl
Chills run up an' down my spine
And then my wish would come true girl
I'd be with you all the time
Gonna write day an' night
I'm gonna miss you
Oh my lonely heart sings the blues.

Girl: Hope that we

Boy: Maybe tomorrow

Girl: Can be together soon

Both: I hope that we can be together
soon

Boy: Maybe tomorrow

Girl: Hope that we can be together soon

Girl: But will you make it real soon

Boy: I can't wait

Girl: Can you make it real soon

Boy: I can't wait, I can't wait

Boy: Hope that we can be together soon

I swear I can't wait any longer
Every day my love grows stronger.

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PUSSYCAT

(As recorded by Sylvia)

HARRY RAY
AL GOODMAN
WALTER MORRIS

Girl: Meow

Boy: Meow baby

Girl: Meow

Boy: I said meow mama.

Girl:

I'm a pussycat lookin' for a new Tomcat
I wanna scratch his back meet me
behind the shack
I've got a bowl of milk
My hair is made of silk
And if you're pretty hip I'll give you
some of my catnip
Can you make me purr?
Can you make me meow?
Can you do it now?
I don't like to mess around.

Boy: Meow

Girl: Meow

Boy: Meow

Girl: Oh meow.

I'm a pussycat lookin' for a new Tomcat
I want to scratch his back meet me
behind the shack
There ain't no dogs chasin' us up no
trees
Just a backyard fence waitin' for you
and me
Ah! You and me underneath a little
house.

Spoken:

Scratch my back I'll show you how

Girl: Meow

Boy: Meow

Girl: Oh meow

Boy: Oh meow

Girl: Oh.

My catnip you and me underneath a lit-
tle house

Scratch my back I'll show you how.

Girl: Meow

Boy: Meow

Girl: Oh

Boy: Meow

Girl: Meow


Boy: Woof


Girl: Oh, oh


Boy: Grr woof.


You're a Tomcat who's found you a pus-
sycat to scratch your back
Meet you behind the shack
I've got a bowl of milk
My hair is made of silk
And if you're pretty hip
I'll give you some of my catnip.


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SET 4

The Beatles


SET 5

ELVIS


SET 6

ELVIS


SET 7

ELVIS


SET 8

Redford


SET 9

Streisand


Set 10

Bruce Lee


SET 11

STAR TREK


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CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING (But My Love)

(As recorded by The Stylistics)

HUGO & LUIGI
GEORGE DAVID WEISS

If I had money I'd go wild
Buy you furs dress you like a queen
And in a chauffeured limousine we'd
look so fine
But I'm an ordinary guy
And my pockets are empty
Just an ordinary guy
But I'm yours till I die.
I can't give you anything

But my love, but my love
I can't give you anything
But my love, but my love.

I cannot promise you the world
Can't afford any fancy things
I cannot buy you diamond rings
No string of pearls
But my devotion I will give
All my life just to you girl
My devotion I will give
For as long as I live.

I can't give you anything
But my love, but my love
I can't give you anything
But my love, but my love.

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IF YOU TALK IN YOUR SLEEP

(As recorded by Little Milton)

BOBBY "RED" WEST
JOHNNY CHRISTOPHER

I know you're a lonely woman
And I love you
Someone else is waiting and he owns
you
If he should ever wake up
Be sure your story is straight up
If you talk in your sleep
Don't mention my name
And if you walk in your sleep
Forget where you came.
Walking ev'ry night here in the
shadows
So afraid that sometime he may follow
There's always a chance he'll find us
So I don't need to remind us
If you talk in your sleep

Don't mention my name
And if you walk in your sleep
Forget where you came.
Love is so much sweeter when it's bor-
rowed
But I'll feel a little easier tomorrow
Don't give our secret away
Be careful what you say
If you talk in your sleep
Don't mention my name
And if you walk in your sleep
Forget where you came.
Forget where you came now
Forget where you came
Don't mention my name
Don't mention my name
Forget where you came.

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GET DOWN TONIGHT

(As recorded by KC & The Sunshine
Band)

H. W. CASEY
R. FINCH

Baby, babe let's get together
Honey, honey me and you
And do the things oh do the things that
we like to do.
Oh do a little dance, make a little love
Get down tonight, get down tonight
Do a little dance, make a little love
Get down tonight, get down tonight.
Baby, babe I'll meet you same place,
same time
Where we can oh get together and ease
up our mind.
Oh do a little dance, make a little love
Get down tonight, get down tonight
Do a little dance, make a little love
Get down tonight, get down tonight
baby.

Do a little dance, make a little love
Get down tonight, get down tonight
Do a little dance, make a little love
Get down tonight, get down tonight
baby.
Get down, get down, get down, get
down
Get down tonight baby wo wo wo wo
wo wo wo wo wo wo
Get down, get down, get down, get
down
Get down tonight baby
Na na na na na na na na na.
Get down, get down, get down, get
down
Get down tonight baby
Wo wo wo wo wo wo wo wo wo wo
Get down, get down, get down, get
down
Get down tonight baby this very minute
child oh.

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CRY, CRY, CRY

(As recorded by Shirley & Company)

SYLVIA ROBINSON

Mm yes you're gonna cry when I'm gone
You're gonna cry, cry, cry
Cry when I'm gone woe oh and it won't
be long
When I first met you you were dumb as
you can be
Ev'rything you learned you learned it
from me
How to write your name 'cause you
never went to school
Now you got the nerve to call me a fool
You're gonna cry, cry, cry
Cry when I'm gone 'cause you're doin'
me wrong
You're gonna cry, cry, cry
Cry when I'm gone and it won't be long
girl.
You take the baby to the neighbor next
door
You go out and stay way past four
You rush home and you heat me a can of
beans
You know that's no good for a hard wor-
king man
You're gonna cry, cry, cry woman
Cry when I'm gone 'cause you're doin'
me wrong
You're gonna cry, cry, cry, cry
Cry when I'm gone and it won't be long
Oh woman I'm getting tired of your
stuff
Straighten up girl 'cause enough is
enough
I've been lovin' you a lil' lil' too long
And I know you know that you're doin',
you're doin' me wrong
You're gonna cry, cry, cry
Cry when I'm gone and it won't be long
You're gonna cry, cry, cry
Cry when I'm gone ho ho and it won't
be long
You're gonna cry, cry, cry, cry
Cry when I'm gone oh ho you're doin'
me wrong.
You take your money to the woman
next door
You go out and stay way past four
You rush home and then you give me a
lousy tease
You know that's no way for a real man
to please.
Oh man I'm getting tired of your stuff
Straighten up now 'cause enough is
enough
I've been lovin' you ' lil' lil' too long
And I know you know that you're doin',
you're doin' me wrong
You're gonna cry, cry, cry
Cry when I'm gone and it won't be long
You're gonna cry, cry, cry, cry
Cry when I'm gone ho ho and it won't
be long
You're gonna cry, cry, cry, cry
Cry when I'm gone oh ho you're doin'
me wrong.

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at Las Vegas used a special Mystic Chant. The first roll came up 11. He tried again, and they came up 11 again. The third roll was also successful, and as the man had let his dollar remain on the 11, his small investment brought him a small fortune! See how he did it on page 140.

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Q. Can I say these Mystic Chants just once, or do they have to be repeated over and over?

A. Many of these Chants can be said once. Others are designed to be repeated a few times as this heightens their effectiveness. However, they are short and it would take you only a few minutes to repeat them.

Q. Must these Chants be memorized?

A. No. All you have to do is read them out. If you don't want to carry the book around, simply copy a few Chants on a card and put it in your pocket.

Q. Are these Chants hard to read?

A. Of course not. They are clearly printed; easy-to-read and do not contain words that are difficult to pronounce.

Q. Are these Chants Black Magic or White Magic?

A. Without a doubt, White Magic. In one case, an evil woman stole Laura M.'s husband using Black Magic. Laura used this chant on page 159: "Y— k— I— y—." Within a few days her husband pleaded with her to take him back.

Q. If these Mystic Chants are so powerful, why doesn't the author use them himself to become a millionaire?

A. The author has done just that. By saying these Chants, Norvell has become wealthy and a celebrity. Now he devotes his life to making others rich and happy.

Q. Are these Chants dangerous?

A. About as dangerous as combing your hair. You see, they can be used only for good, sincere purposes. If used for an evil purpose, they will have no effect.

Q. Time is running out for me. Can these Mystic Chants find me a husband?

A. On page 24 you'll find the Chant Georgia R. used to attract a rich partner in a law firm. What's more, you can attract a man with the precise character you admire.

Q. I've only an eighth grade education. Will Mystic Chants work for me?

A. Certainly. You need no special education or experience. Anyone can use them.

Q. When is it best to use Mystic Chants?

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CHANTS UNITE HIS FAMILY. After years of misery, Lester M.'s wife left him and took their infant son. Lester turned to the Chant on page 28: "I n— b— t— m— o— p— h— p—." In a few days his wife and son returned, and swore that they would live a different life!

CHANTS LESSEN SICKNESS. Dora T. was nearly sixty and the doctors told her she had an incurable ailment. She used two Mystic Chants to overcome age and sickness. In less than a month, her symptoms decreased. See pages 31-33.

CHANTS BRING SUCCESS. A young girl slaved as a lowly clerk. To get out of this rut, she said: "I a— w— c— p— a— c— s— a— p—," ten times a day. Lo and behold, she was given a position designing new fashions, making more money than she had ever dreamed possible! Would you like an exciting well-paying job? Use the complete set of Chants on page 51.

CHANTS FOR PAINS. A woman of 45 (see page 82) suffered from pains each month that were so severe she had to go to bed. A friend told her about this Mystic Chant: "I n— i— m— m— a— b— c— w— t— p— p— o— r— g— h—." and she showed immediate improvement. Take a few minutes and say the Chant on page 80.

CHANTS FOR HIDDEN TREASURE. An elderly woman had a small home on a plot of ground where she lived after her husband died. Once the insurance money was spent, she had no source of income and used a Mystic Chant to get money. That night, the figure of her husband appeared to her and told her to dig at a certain spot. She found \$15,000! You too can use the Chant on page 126.

CHANTS FOR OPERATIONS. A woman needed \$1,000 to help her mother get an operation. She kept repeating the Mystic Chant: "I w— t— s— o— o— t— d— s— I c— p— t— s—." The next morning a famous surgeon assured her that he would operate for no charge. See on page 144 how the operation was performed!

CHANTS FOR LUCK. One man playing dice

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THE HOLLIES

(continued from page 37)

you'll see what part a visual image plays in our appeal") I retreated to recover for that night's two shows at the Bottom Line.

On stage the immediate attention goes to Allan Clarke. Wearing leftover rawhide garb and sporting shock-frizzed hair Clarke looks like a ravaged Robert Culp. His facial expressions invoke the somber pain of "Another Night". Closing his eyes to grasp the piercingly highest registers allowed the human voice, Clarke lives the part of a star-lover teetering on the verge of rejection.

"The music stops, I open my eyes my fantasy ends ... were not even friends. Another night, Saturday night and I'm losing."

But not tonight. The crowd is ecstatic

The Hollies ... a sound that crosses the boundaries of pop, rock, and easy listening.



...pleading vocals twine through the lush background harmonies...

over the band's willingness to play complete songs from the past (not briefly noted in a quickie medley) interspersed with all of their recent hits.

Terry's voice is crystal on the high harmony parts in "Carrie-Ann", "Stop, Stop, Stop" and "I Can't Let Go", the set opener. A lookalike cross between Jeff Beck and Ron Wood (must be the choppy black hair) gives Terry the most typical British rocker heart throbs. Drummer Bobby Elliott's precise beat is as compact as his tiny Ludwig drum set. Coupled to Calvert's sparse bass lines the two make up one of rock's tightest though unnoticed rhythm sections. Filling out the sound is non-Hollie Peter Wingfield, occasionally too loud, on synthesizer and keyboard gimmickry.

Live Hicks is the same shy power keg I

had interviewed earlier. His guitar embellishments are sometimes set at whisper volume but nothing is ever missing or overdone. Bouncing around between bass, rhythm, lead, and banjo Hicks barely makes it to the mike in time to round out the legendary Hollies harmonies. Called on to sing one line of "Carrie-Ann" alone (the little school boy's 'You were always something special to me...') Hicks seemed terrified, glancing back at a leering Clarke. The crowd adores it. He pulls out a perfect guitar intro for "Air That I Breathe." To the satisfaction of some boisterous Hells Angels standing next to me at the Bar, Terry Sylvester announces a song featuring a three guitar line up and Allan on solo vocals, "Long Cool Woman." The last time I saw The Hollies (it was on one of

Bob Gruen

those TV Rock shows) Clarke was not with the group. Lead vocals at that time were being shared by Terry and Sweden's version of David Clayton-Thomas, Mick Ricfors. Without Clarke it just wasn't the Hollies. On "Cool Woman" Clarke demonstrates the tough renegade vocals that marked much of his solo work. Sounding like a blend of T. Rex and Creedence, The Hollies bring class to boogie music. The audience laps up every last chunky chord.

The only loser in the set was Dylan's "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight." It was strange to hear a New York crowd snore along to a Zimmerman ditty. Live gems from the new album included a gripping rendering of "I'm Down" (the story of an orphan with 'pseudo-brothers' dedicated to their producer Ron Richards and the obvious continuation of their 'He Ain't Heavy' persona) "Lucy" (a recurring name in Hollies' songs, this time being concerned with a dead / dying wife straight in the Bobby Goldsboro 'honey' vein — guaranteed sobs) "Sandy" (repleat with Asbury Park carnival organ parts and an approving Bruce Springsteen in the audience) and "Another Night" (Incredible; an indelible classic).

There were no encores granted but the standing ovation was nearly endless. One would hope that the band has renewed confidence in their live act. I for one need a Hollies tour at least once a year to reaffirm my trust in the sovereignty of one pop music's best proponents.

Tony Hicks summed it up perfectly when I asked him to name his favorite group of all times.

"You mean besides The Hollies?" □

Have you ever heard a song and
wished you knew all the words?

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RAY DAVIES

(continued from page 12)

cial, but I think overall there has been quality of idea and that the substance has been good." I pointed out that "Lola" was done before platform shoes ... before rock and roll had its brief fling with ambisexual chic; "In a way I feel quite proud," Ray said in response to my assertion that perhaps he, singularly, was responsible. "That song was funny - it was Number One in Australia but they wouldn't play it on the radio. The press there is very strange; they have a paper called 'Truth', and it prints nothing but lies. You know - it said we were all queer or whatever. Junk. And when they come on that strong you feel you have to play up to it, and you make out that you're worse than they think you are. I feel that — you write hit songs, and you have to pay for it. Everybody is on an equal level, and people who have extreme success also have extreme failure. People who are happy all the time get depressed as well."

"It just worries me when things like if we haven't had a hit record then we can't do a tour the way we want to, that worries



"You know someone once said that they should put someone like me on an island and then I wouldn't get upset by the world..."



"I could just write songs and paint pictures. But that's wrong..."

"I mean the reason I'm here is because I have something to say about the world."

me a little bit because I'm still trying to do new things and good things, but sometimes we're limited because we haven't had a hit record in awhile. It doesn't affect me when I'm writing, just when I'm on the road or go to the record company or do interviews. The subject invariably comes up." But Ray Davies' historical or cultural contribution isn't based on that ... "Yeah, but the thing is I've forgotten about history now, my historical side. When I started in this business I wanted to put my artistic ambitions together with music and combine them, take them somewhere. And when I did 'Preservation' I really felt that I'd started to do it. After all that time, I'd really started to achieve something. Because writing Number one records or hit records is treading water, really. I haven't done that. If I've written a hit record then I've followed it up with something different. With the exception of the first two - "You've Really Got Me" and "All the Day and All of the Night", they really sound very similar. I've always tried to do something new rather than tread water."

This past fall Ray mentioned in London that he wanted to do the ultimate Kinks album, to just go in and record another album full of Kinks songs. Now he says perhaps it's too much of a dream, that maybe he'll just do some songs. "Something will come out of it," Ray said, "but already I've got another idea of what I want to do. I'll probably write that into it. I keep thinking to myself that I haven't written a song for two or three years, but I have. I've written a lot. It's just that it's not been a conscious effort to write a song, to sit down and write a song. I think the last time I did that was during the time of 'Everybody's in Show Biz', because with 'Preservation' and 'Soap Opera' I just went out and said, okay - this is what I'm going to write about ... and I have my end product and now I've got to channel my energies into making that end product work. Obviously I use words and music to do that. And that's the way I've written for the last three years. Like a maniac in some ways."

"I'd like to lay back and say, oh yes ... it's a nice day, I think I'll write something today..." Nobody writes like that. "It would be nice though, I did for a time. When I wrote my sunny songs. "Waterloo Sunset" - that took me years to write, or ten weeks anyway. I knew it was going to work so I just made it a very pleasant experience and made it last as long as possible." Mmmmm, but the world has changed since then, that was a long time ago ... "Yes, I'm afraid it has."

I've always envisioned Ray Davies' shows one day to have hundreds of chorus girls, and a large orchestra, and big sets ... lavish, overproduced, the proper glamorous settings to give proper exposure to his amazing songs. But there has been something charming about both "Preservation" and "Soap Opera" in their under - production. And yet, Ray understood exactly what I meant about The Future; "Yeah, I'd like to see that. It would be nice to watch it all happen." □

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JOHN CALE

(continued from page 9)

roller, his presence was vaguely sinister, one got the feeling that something was about to happen. It did. A guitar string broke, and John had to go offstage to get one of the roadies to fix it. When it took the roadie a bit longer than it should have to change the string, John started to get mad. He raced back onstage, grabbed a mannequin propped up on the side of the stage that was dressed as a nurse, ripped off all her clothes to reveal black stockings garter belt, etc ... and had simulated sex with the bottom half. The audience seemed stunned, I thought it was hilarious. And yet ... while it was funny (Eno even smiled and we know how serious *he* is), there was just a slight promise of danger about the incident; John's "Theater" as such was so random ... so spontaneous, that it created an air of tension. Nothing ho-hum or prearranged about it, and he never does the same thing

twice, thank goodness, for that surely would ruin it.

It was just that kind of action, along with his eventual staggering around the stage like some kind of robot gone mad, falling down backwards with the microphone (I haven't seen that done effectively since Jim Morrison ... now John), that made John compelling to watch. Completely unpredictable, exciting.

The next day we spoke about the concert while he ate Eggs Benedict. "I always think that if I'm not sure what I'm gonna do onstage, I better not do anything," John said, "I hadn't planned to do anything with that doll until the final number - until "Heartbreak Hotel". But when the damn string wasn't fixed, I *had* to do something ..." (In addition to breaking the doll, etc, John had these little bullets of red paint in his mouth which, when he bit on them, exploded so that it appeared red blood was dripping down his mouth. Cute.) I suggested that people really think he's nuts, and that when he was backstage probably half the audience

thought he was in his dressing room taking narcotics or something equally ridiculous. "Really?," John laughed, "that's funny..." Funny, also intriguing that through no conscious effort of his own, John has got everyone convinced he's such a madman, acting out all our crazy artist/rock and roll fantasies for us.

"But I do think that the musical genius thing isn't as strong now in the public image as the craziness," he mused, "I don't know ... I have to figure out a way to get the viola into the concert. If I read the "Jeweler" - the short story, and then stopped, and then played the viola, and then went back and read some more, maybe that would work. Right now I want to go to America and perform ... and live in California again."

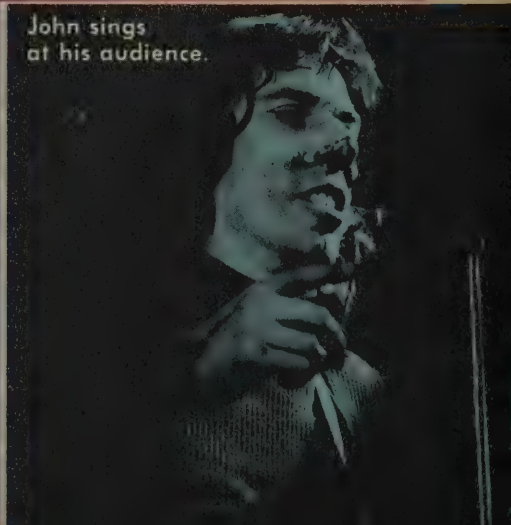
Discussing his performance further I ventured that not too many people fall down onstage these days ... "Well," he smiled, "not voluntarily. But there are lots of things that people haven't done onstage," he added, with the air of a man who would love to do them all. □



Cale plays a moody song during his London concert.



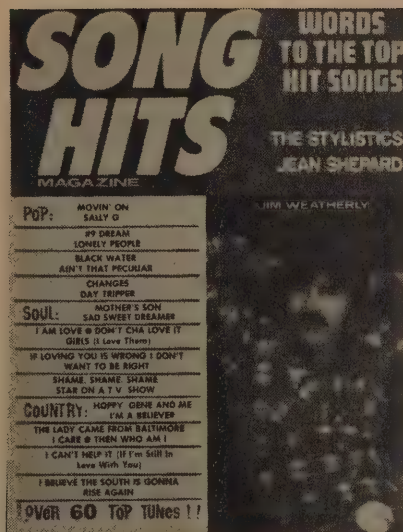
Cale... musical craziness is what's happening



John sings at his audience.

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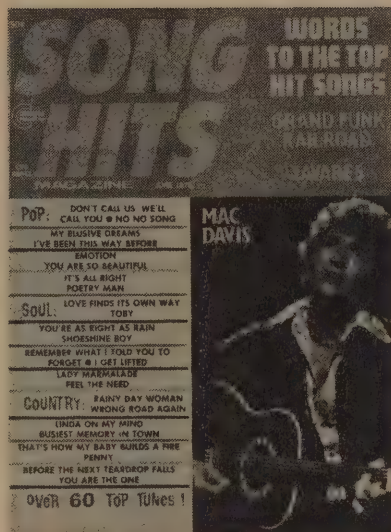


MAY 75

FEATURES

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SOUL: THE STYLISTICS
COUNTRY: JEAN SHEPARD
OVER 60 TOP TUNES

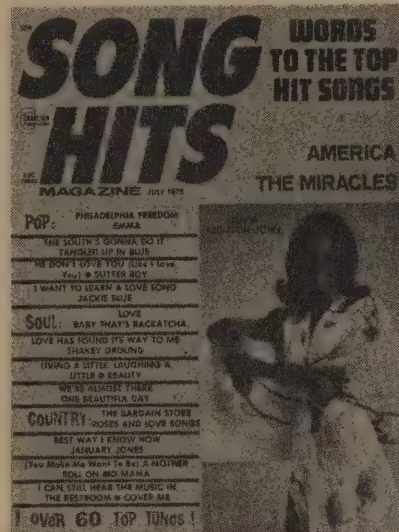
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FEATURES

POP: GRAND FUNK
RAILROAD
SOUL: TAVARES
COUNTRY: MAC DAVIS
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CALL YOU"
"NO NO SONG"
"LADY MARMALADE"
"SHAME, SHAME, SHAME"
"LINDA ON MY MIND"
"BEFORE THE NEXT
TEARDROP FALLS"



JULY 75

FEATURES

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SOUL: THE MIRACLES
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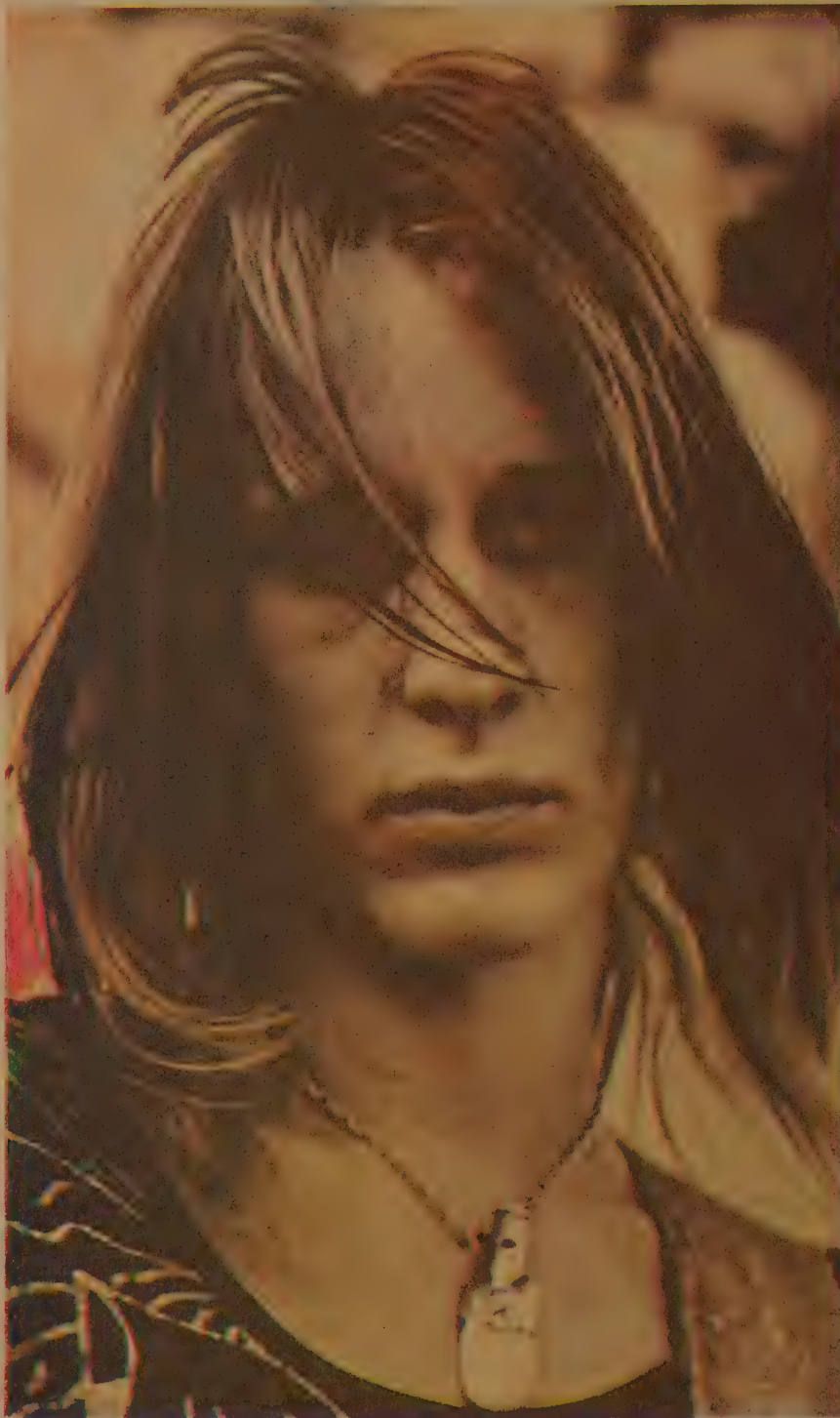
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TODD WAS BORN TO SYNTHESIZE

by Richard Robinson



"I hear music in the most literal sense."

It's a sunny Wednesday morning in June, the phone rings at the appointed time of 11 o'clock, and I'm off on an hour's conversation with Todd Rundgren, *enfant terrible* of the rock biz: Todd has just released his latest album, *Initiation*, which is something of an event not only because it's Todd's long awaited album, but also because it's 68 minutes and 11 seconds long.

"I worked on the album from December all the way to March," says Todd, and as for the 68:11, "Most of my albums for the past several releases have been close to an hour. I hadn't crossed the hour mark until now."

"Are you going to try for an hour and a half?"

"Well, I try not to have preconceptions about it, and not get paranoid about it until I actually try to put it on the record."

"Is there any real problem with putting this much music on a record?"

"There is considered to be a problem, yes. So far I have not had any real problem with this one. Nobody has expressed a real problem with it. It even compares in a level to some twenty minute sides, depending upon how they're pressed. It's not comparable, I would say, but it compares favorably."

We talk about the technicalities of getting that much music on a record album, when the record industry says 54 minutes is the maximum you can get on an album. Todd says he did some limiting and equalization on the master tape and that he sped up each side to eliminate 2 to 3 minutes of their total running length on the album, which means you're hearing Todd's album faster than he recorded it. I say that radio stations are also doing this with singles, speeding them up to 47 or 48 rpm so they can get more commercials in during an hour. Todd laughs. "There's no set speed any more," he says, "Some records sound pretty weird when you hear them at different speeds."

"A variation in speed is conceptually nothing as opposed to the amount of electronic technique that's necessary to get a record onto discs. That thing about the speeds being variable, I always thought that was a good idea. I thought they should make turntables continuously variable and that way you can put longer records on a disc. You can have a disc you know was longer and played at 30 rpm instead of 33. It wouldn't be significant

Lynn Goldsmith

degradation in high fidelity, particularly for your rock and roll records."

Now, we've got this far and I pop the big question. Not really *big*, just the typical Todd - Rundgren - interview - question: What about the synthesizer? It's been three or four years since Todd began his quest for the total control of electronic musical communication. How are he and his synthesizer doing after that time?

"My approach to it was always, even though my application wasn't always the same, my approach was always in the traditional sense of noises that you can't get from other instruments, sounds that you can't get from other instruments. As opposed to using the synthesizer to imitate other instruments, or imitating *approximately* other instruments."

"Yeah, I've heard the ARP cha-cha records."

"Yeah, all that, and Billy Preston's records and all those other things which are kind of like really just toying with it in a certain way."

"Do you feel about your synthesizer like you do about your guitar?"

"I can't express myself the same way on it although I can do things with it that I can do with no other instrument so I approach it in that way. I approach it when I want a pure dynamic or some kind of a

feeling that I don't want to induce by playing a standard kind of instrumental mode. Like if you want to get a peaceful feeling you can either play some laidback MOR bassanova music or you can do it with sounds you know.

"People think synthesize is a word that was invented with the synthesizer. And that's not true. Synthesize is a word that they thought best describes what the machine did. I think of the term more in traditional way, of combining diverse elements."

Todd points out that the synthesizer doesn't play a crucial part in his concept of music, although it may allow him to realize that concept. "Half of the music that was on the second side of the album would be as effective if it was realized with traditional orchestral instruments. That means doing endless charts and paying thousands of musicians," Todd laughs at the thought, "and besides I wanted it to be more unique than that so that's why I used the synthesizer."

Okay, now for the second half of the synthesizer question. I sneak this in by asking Todd if he thinks of his albums as music which he might also plan to perform live. "When I do songs, you know more vocal songs, they're usually around concrete images and situations that are not totally alien to the average person. When I get down to writing straight music, which alot of people don't want to listen to because I write it as a musician; I don't write it as a sociologist. Alot of people think that music has no relevance because it has nothing to do with whatever the magazines are writing about these days. I don't constrict myself. I don't think in that category. When I want to write something totally abstract musically that's supposed to conjure up images usually to a greater extent to someone who's taken the time to refine a musical taste. Alot of people think that that's an attitude, particularly from someone who's in rock and roll. And I personally don't think it's an attitude, I think that to appreciate music because it's background to the events of your life is one thing. But then that there's no musical history after you die, after one generation is gone then there's no musical history. There has to be music that stands regardless of whether it's background music or whether you sat down expressly to hear that piece of music.

"Another reason I use electronic instruments is because I hear music in the most literal sense, it's not like some little melody that darts in and out of my head. It's the most fully orchestrated, literal music that cannot be realized on regular instruments. It's not one thing. Alot of these Eastern people get into this thing about hearing music in things that are not considered musical. In alot of ways it's that. It's more literal what people consider music but not music that people listen to normally.

"What I'm engaged in to some extent is to trying to realize the more listenable

part of music. It's led me to adopt this whole style of chording that's become real apparent on this latest album, On both sides, not only on the songwriting side, but on the other side."

"Could you elaborate on that," I ask.

"Well, it's just a strange chord that nobody uses."



The urban synthesizer man in a playful mood

"The lost chord?"

"I don't know. It may be the lost chord. The guys in the band call it a T chord. It's just a chord that I use all the time. It's in the regular tuning. It's not only the notes that you play but the way you stack them, and what bass note you're playing, things like that, a whole harmonic approach."

Now, has Todd gotten into his T chord because of the time that he's spent with electronic instruments?

"No, I've gotten into that because of the time that I spend writing music and getting bored with more conventional harmonic spacings. I never depend on the electronics to write the music for me. At the very least I have to come up with a concept within which the instruments can perform. There are some things on the Cosmic Fire side of the album on which the instruments literally do most of the performing themselves and compose as they go along."

Which is a great place to end this story and get you to give a listen to Todd's new album. Listen hard and you too may hear the instruments composing. At the very least, you'll have a remarkably good time. □



There has to be music that stands regardless...

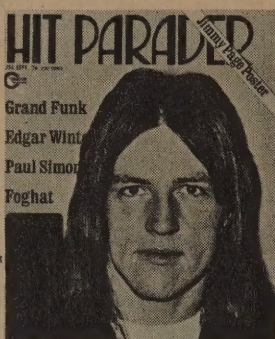
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"Oh My My"



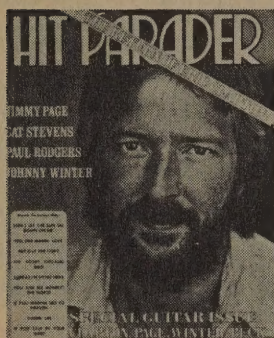
SEPT. 74

David Bowie
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Deep Purple
"The Air That I Breathe"
"Bad On The Run"
"Help Me"
"My Girl Bill"
"Summer Breeze"
"Teenage Love Affair"



OCT. 74

Todd Rundgren
Carly Simon
Ringo Starr
Bill Wyman
Led Zeppelin
"Haven't Got Time For The Pain"
"On And On"
"Rikki Don't Lose That Number"
"Workin' At The Car Wash Blues"
"Annie's Song"
"Already Gone"



NOV. 74

Jimmy Page
Paul Rodgers
Rick Wakeman
Cat Stevens
Johnny Winter
"Don't Let The Sun Go Down On Me"
"Feel Like Makin' Love"
"The Night Chicago Died"
"Rock & Roll Heaven"
"Shin' On"
"Sure As I'm Sittin' Here"



DEC. 74

Eric Clapton
Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young
Pete Townshend
Maria Muldaur
David Bowie
"Clap For The Wolfman"
"Eyes Of Silver"
"You're Having My Baby"
"I Shot The Sheriff"
"It's Only Rock & Roll"
"Nothing From Nothing"



JAN. 75

The Eagles
Todd Rundgren
Jimmy Page
Eno
Souther - Hillman - Furay Band
"Can't Get Enough"
"Higher Plane"
"Jazzman"
"Sweet Home Alabama"
"Tin Man"
"Who Do You Think You Are"



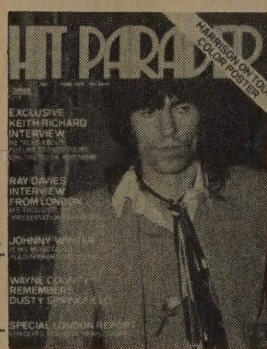
FEB. 75

Elton John
Ron Wood
Rod Stewart
Paul Rodgers
Jimmy Page
"The Bitch Is Back"
"Play Something Sweet"
"Pretzel Logic"
"Whatever Gets You Thru The Night"
"When Will I See You Again"
"I Feel A Song In My Heart"



MAR. 75

Led Zeppelin
Pink Floyd
Mick Ronson
John Lennon
Mick Jagger
"Boogie On Reggae Woman"
"Longfellow Serenade"
"Must Of Got Lost"
"You Got The Love"
"Angie Baby"
"Do It (Til You're Satisfied)"



APR. 75

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George Harrison
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